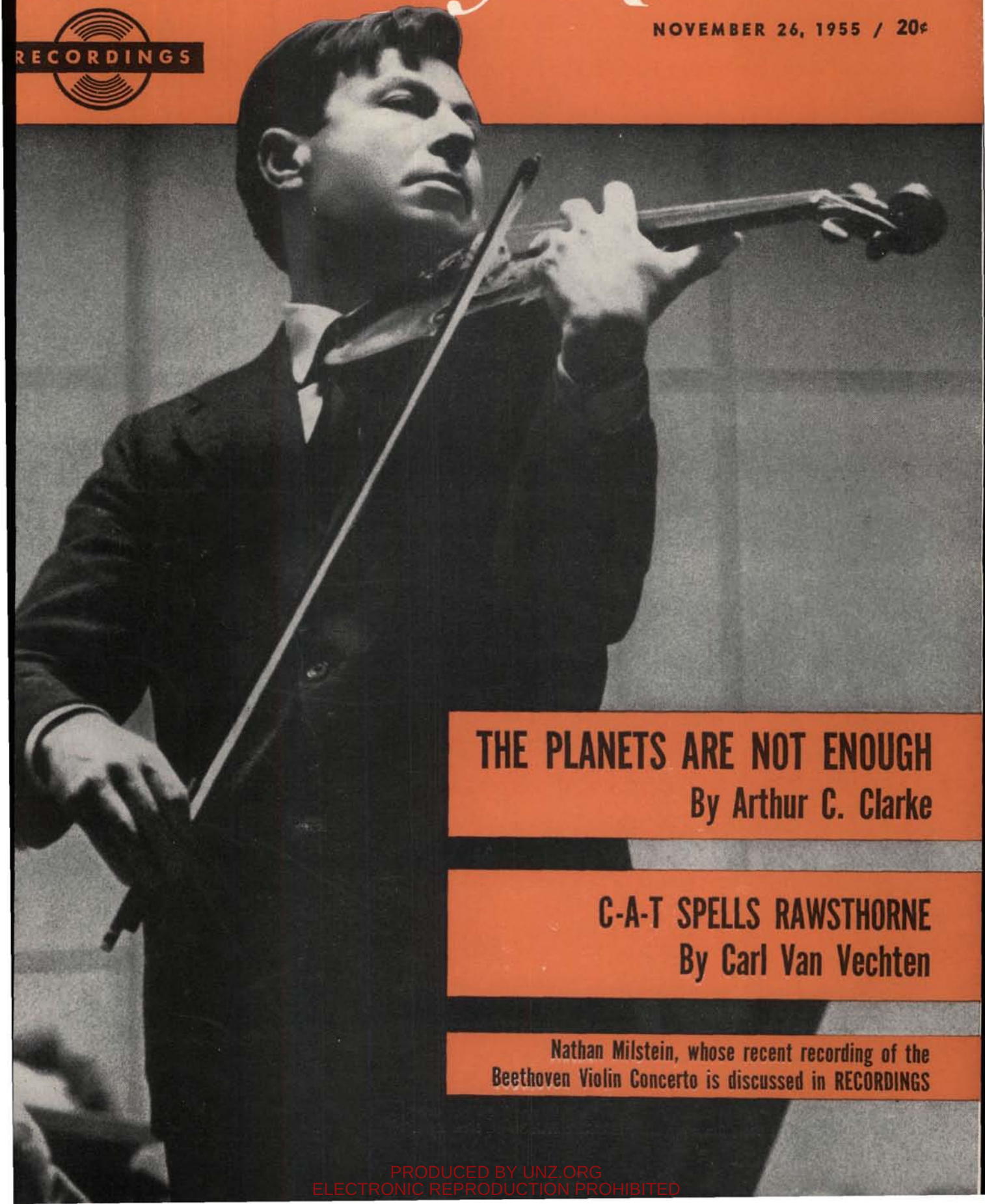
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 26, 1955 / 20¢

RECORDINGS



THE PLANETS ARE NOT ENOUGH
By Arthur C. Clarke

C-A-T SPELLS RAWSTHORNE
By Carl Van Vechten

Nathan Milstein, whose recent recording of the Beethoven Violin Concerto is discussed in RECORDINGS

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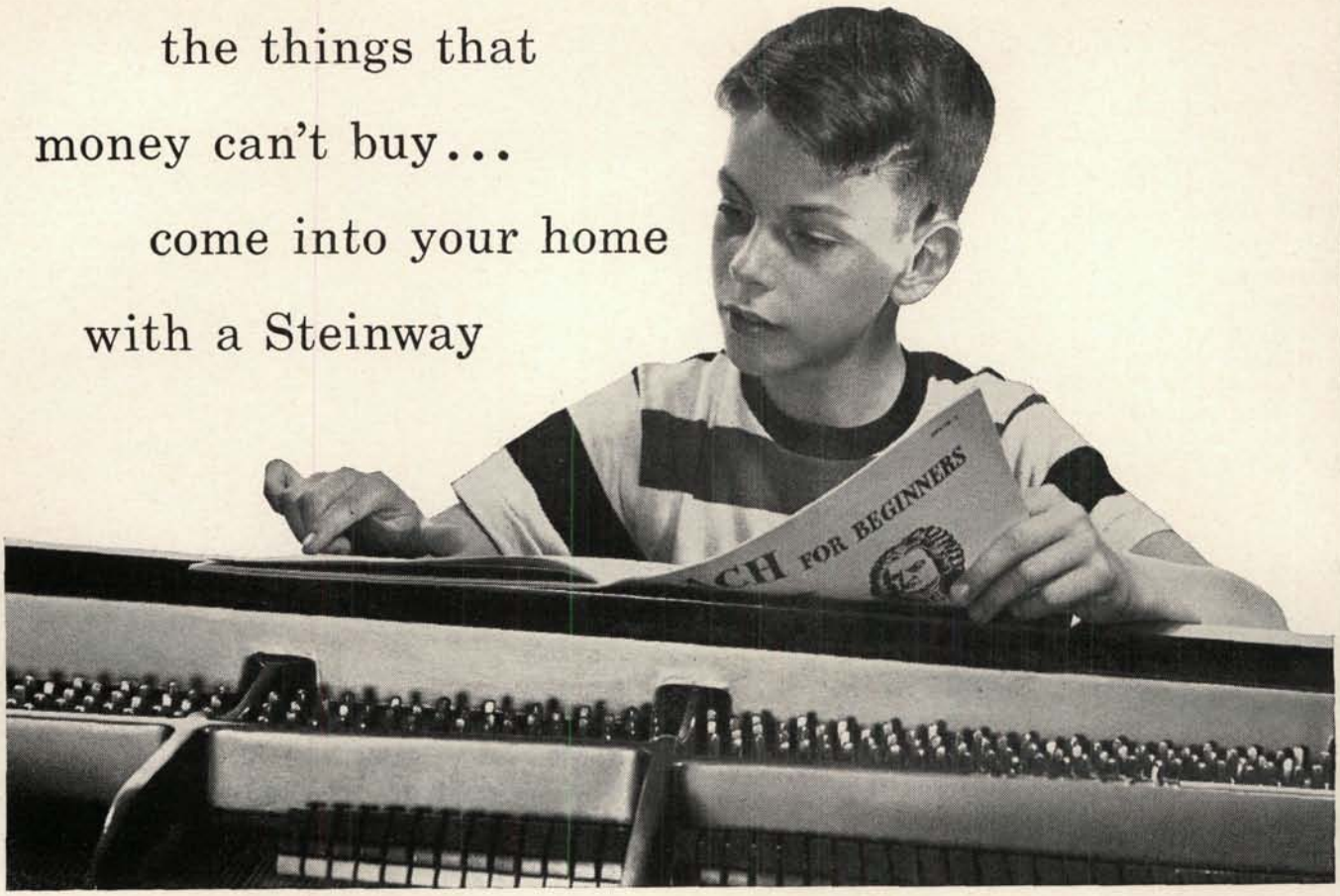

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The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 26, 1955

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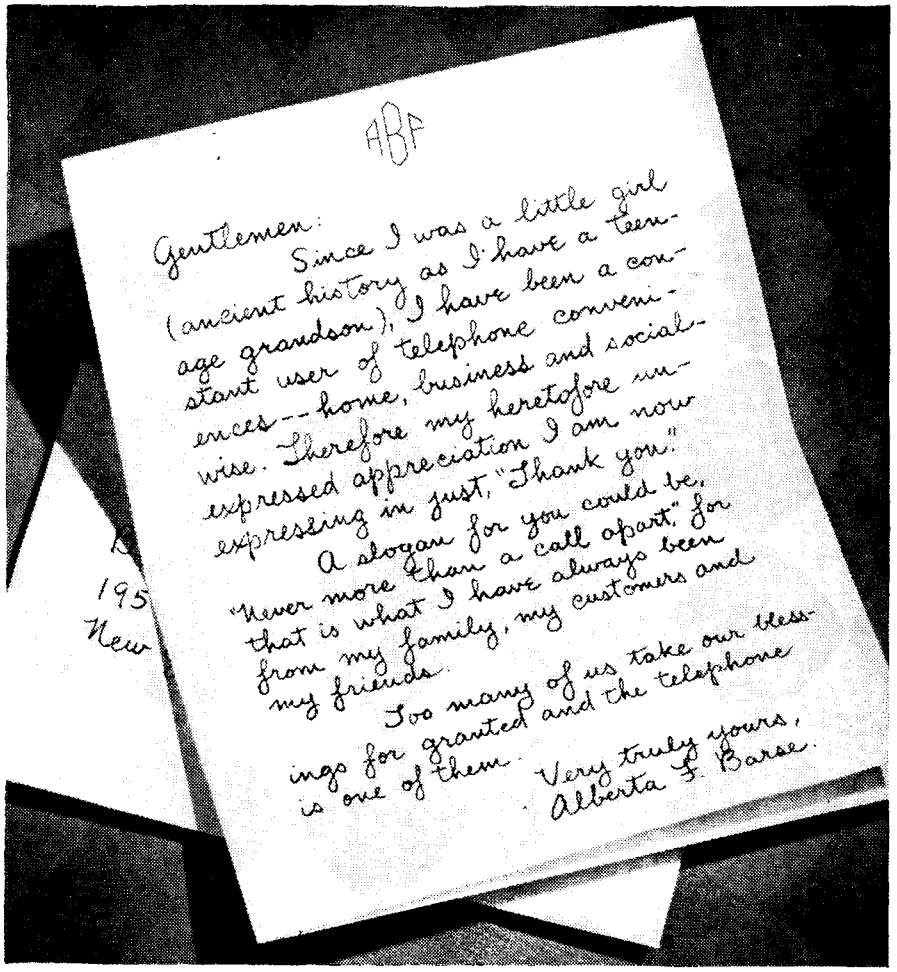
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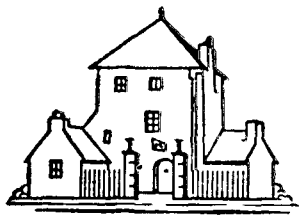

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BESIDES BEING THE PRODUCER of the opulent new screen version of "Oklahoma!" and such all-time favorites as "Cass Timberlane," "Weekend at the Waldorf," and "Asphalt Jungle," Arthur Hornblow, Jr. is one of the recognized authorities in this country on wines and food. Furthermore, he has none of that snobbish contempt for native wines that characterizes some *poseurs* I know—the sort that indulge in high-flown lectures on favored distillations and wouldn't even kiss their wives unless they were at room temperature.

When I happened by chance upon an inexpensive California wine I liked, therefore, I sent a case to Hornblow, along with an informative guide to all California wines I thought would interest him. Here is his reply, gently taking off a few of the phoneys we have laughed over together:

> Many thanks for the shining case of Sonora white wine and the guide to California wines you sent with it. This book should serve to open some eyes as well as some gullets. It is too little known in America—and less elsewhere—how fine the Coastal wines and their product have become, through care and conscience in cultivation.
>
> Mind you, I speak of the top of the heap. Too many California wines, like Japanese watches, Mexican perfumes, and some Wisconsin Swiss cheese must be approached with caution. Lots of the sun-kissed juice is fairly frivolous, but in too many cases it must be dismissed as either absentminded or even downright truculent.
>
> In short, the Valley grape too often hates the customer. Unlike our solid old friend Chateauneuf du Pape, which sparkles the glass it sits in, rejoices the nose that inhales it, warms the body that consumes it, and elevates the mind that has had the good judgment to order it in the first place. . . .

Incidentally, Mr. Hornblow wasn kidding about the Chateauneuf d Pape. Try a bottle yourself!

CHICAGO BOOKSELLER Stuart Brent, on of the most astute and energetic in th business, keeps a careful record of th shifting tastes and buying habits o his clientele. Here is his latest report

> Shortly after the Ford strike was settled (if you can call it a strike) I had observed that "inspirational literature" such as "The Power of Positive Thinking," "The Search for Inner Serenity," "How to Live 365 Days a Year," "A Way to Inner Peace," etc., etc., was no longer selling. I watched this situation most carefully. We have seventeen different books dealing with more or less the same topic. The book suggests, either by its title or its table of contents or what the publisher has to say about the book, that if you read this book somehow you'll be able to meet the exigencies of modern reality with greater courage. You'll be able to secure out of this ocean of bewilderment, doubt, and uncertainty a clear conscience and a relief never before experienced. Prior to the settlement of the Ford strike we had these books all represented on a long table prominently displayed and we sold as many as twenty-five copies per week of some of those titles.
>
> A few days after the Ford Settlement the Geneva conference was announced and suddenly we saw pictures in the newspapers of the Russians smiling. Also, the Inland Steel strike in Gary was settled and the newspapers were

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digging deep down into the bottom of the wastepaper basket for headline news. There was nothing to scream or hammer at the people about. No H bombs were being set off, no fearful threats (externally) were even intimated; the stock market was booming, business everywhere was reportedly good. and everyone said that great days were ahead of us. Everything externally looked peachy. And each day for three and a half weeks we too were doing great business but we weren't selling "inspirational" books.

This extraordinary turn in selling books interested me greatly, and I asked myself Why have we stopped selling these books? I had the distinct feeling that much of the buying of this type of literature was the result of personal fear and insecurity. But I realize now that the relief people have secured from outside pressures has really been the result of an uplifting of their spirits without the aid of the various quick and easy panaceas for their indivdual confusion.

Now, what are we selling? Oddly enough we are selling books in the broad category that deals with man's artistic creations. I mean to say that we are not selling books that deal only with the practical function of man. but, and this will astound you, we are even selling poetry! It seems as though men and women are striving to break through the surface of their own routine lives and are taking a lively interest all over again in ideas that have nothing whatever to do with the fundamental facts of their existence.

This means, I think, that the media of communication—whether via radio, television, newspapers, or books—will alter by sheer pressure of the basic wants of people. Instead of cheap trash on TV or books perhaps the best of the past and present literature will come to the fore. Instead of the movies having as a central core two themes—crime and passion—the deep longing for people to seek the why of things may once again redevelop, in which case we would have a marvelous Renaissance all over again.

ROM MERVIN HOLTZMAN, of Louisville, Ky.:

Two young matrons were attending an opera performance at the University of Indiana. At each entr'acte a man left his seat, passing in front of them. His face was vaguely familiar, but they couldn't place him. Slightly miffed by the recurrent necessity of rising to their feet, one of the women said, "I'd like to tell him a thing or two."

They were puzzled by the titter

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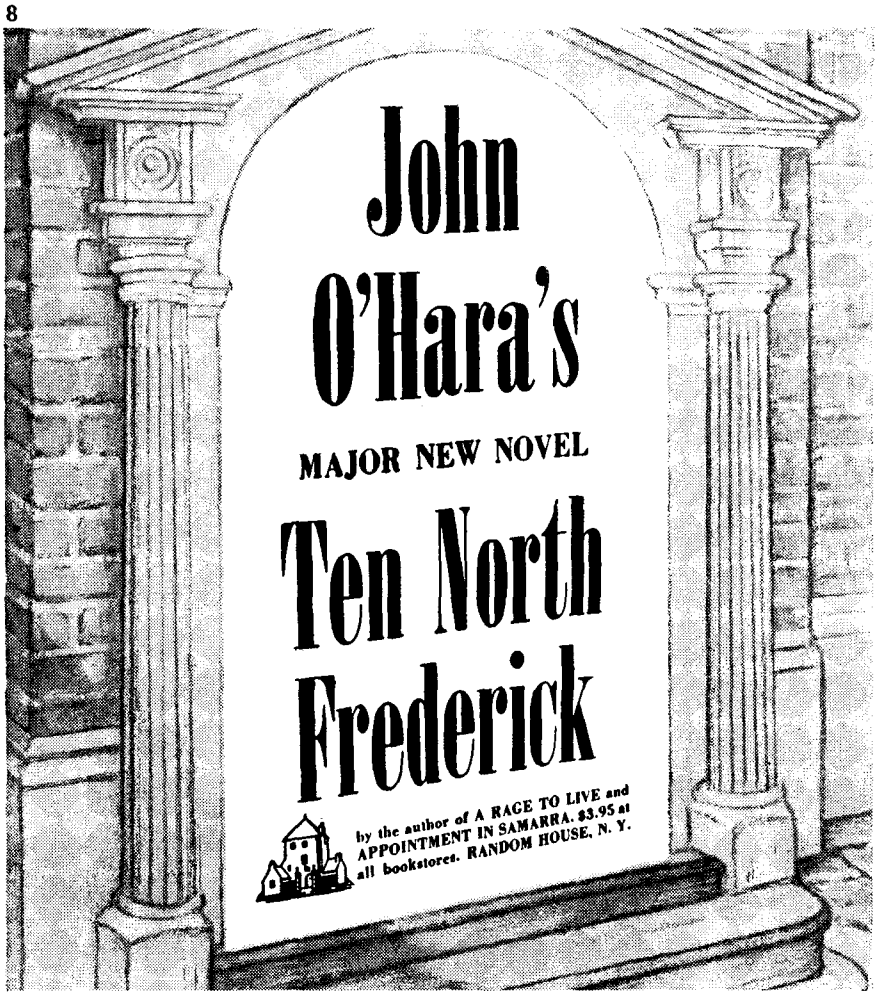

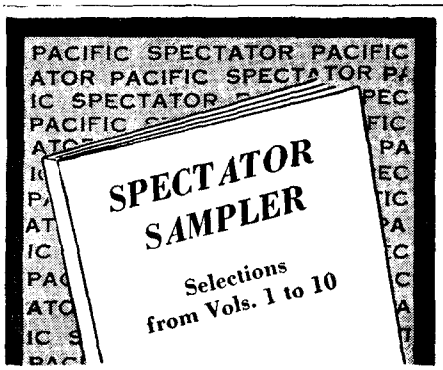

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that arose about them since it seemed incommensurate with the banality of the remark. A little, demure woman sitting beside them cleared up the situation by whispering to our friends, "I'm afraid I couldn't tell him much. I'm a *maiden* lady."

They recognized their man then. It was Dr. Kinsey.

FROM RALPH THOMLINSON, of the University of Wisconsin:

Although few people read the *American Sociological Review* for its humorous passages, there is something in the June 1955 issue which I consider quite amusing and which you may deem appropriate for your column. Manford H. Kuhn of the State University of Iowa, in reviewing a book of selected readings designed for courses in marriage and the family, paraphrases a poem written by Arthur Guiterman. I cannot recall the original; the Kuhn version runs as follows:

Years ago some editors made it right
To quote Glick, Parsons, Waller, Davis, Whyte.
All subsequent anthologists, you can bet your dollar,
Have quoted Davis, Parsons, Whyte, Glick, and Waller.
For should some sociologist make free
To print some papers, say, from you and me,
Omitting thus, as if to play a trick,
Papers by Parsons, Davis, Waller, Whyte, and Glick,
Our opuses would unanimously cry,
"What manner of symposium, God save us,
Omits Whyte, Glick, Parsons, Waller, Davis?"

IN A RADIO BROADCAST BEAMED to listeners in foreign countries, John Steinbeck had this to say about New York City:

New York is everything. It is tireless, and its air is charged with energy. I can work longer and harder without weariness in New York than any place else.

I now live in a small house on the East Side, in the heart of the city. My neighborhood is my village. I know all of the storekeepers and some of the neighbors. Sometimes I don't go out of my village for weeks at a time. When we close the front door we are more private than any country man below the Arctic Circle has ever been.

No one interferes in our business—no one by any chance visits us without first telephoning, certainly a most civilized practice. Every once in a while we go away

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for several months, and we always come back with a "Thank God we're home" feeling.

The only explanation to describe my feeling about the city is that if you have lived in New York and it has become your home no other place is good enough. It can destroy a man—but if his eyes are open it cannot bore him.

PETER ROALMAN WRITES that Dr. Donald Golden, the contact lens authority, has one patient whose eyesight is so bad he has to wear contacts to see his spectacles. . . . Jim Spinning is convinced that daylight saving time was invented by Konrad Adenauer. . . . David Hulburd saw an unfortunate state assemblyman rendered unconscious when his wife hit him on the head with a heavy glass lampshade. "There is a lady," pointed out Mr. Hulburd, "who conks to stupor." . . . Max Lief was unimpressed by the music of "Saint of Bleecker Street" as it was rendered on TV. Complained Lief: "Too menottinous."

And Ralph Purdy writes about a tailor who was trying to sell him a fall suit in a new hue. "This suit," he promised, "will perk up your appearance so that even your best friends won't recognize you. Just take a walk outside in it for a minute and see what it does for you." Purdy followed instructions. When he came back the tailor shook him warmly by the hand and exclaimed, "Good morning, you beautifully dressed stranger! What can I do for you?"

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 648

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 648 will be found in the next issue.

QNCCBAF NDG DHXRAMKC

NSO WGNLGMKC

FKLLGFFBDF BM QKCCGAF.

N. CHSLBCS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 647

Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle.

—BYRON.

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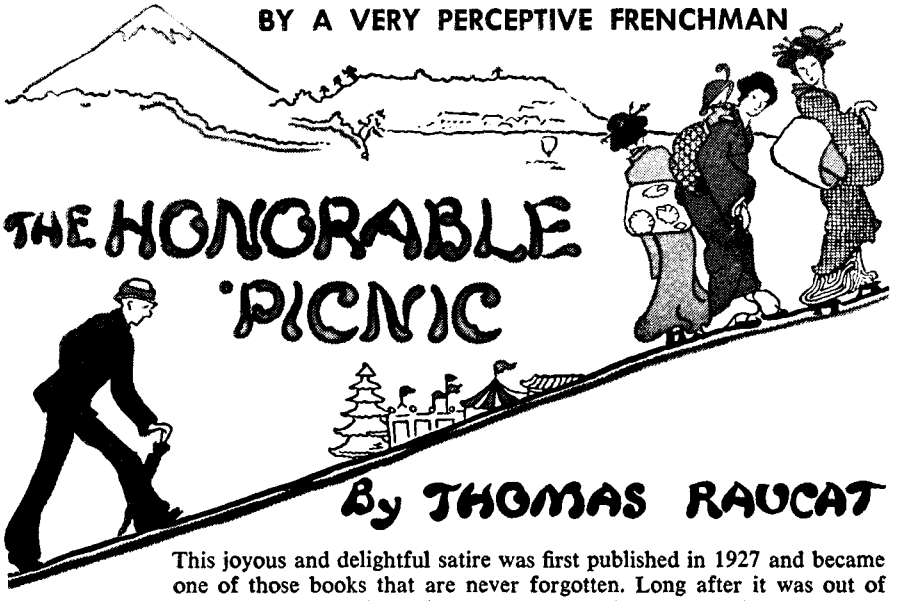

This joyous and delightful satire was first published in 1927 and became one of those books that are never forgotten. Long after it was out of print, it was still talked about, lovingly recalled, loaned, borrowed, and bought secondhand.

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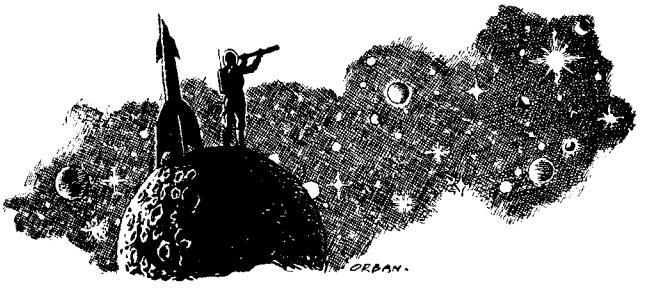
The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 26, 1955

THE PLANETS ARE NOT ENOUGH



EDITOR'S NOTE: President Eisenhower's recent announcement of the Government's satellite project suddenly gave respectability to the theories and daydreams of would-be spacemen with plans for the Moon or Mars. Immediately speculation turned to the sort of research, the structure of society, the permanent value of these outposts that pioneers may soon be planting on our neighbor-planets ["The Day After We Land on Mars," *SR* May 28, 1955]. Quite another question is raised by such scientists as Professor Whipple of Harvard [*SR* July 5, 1952] who argue that the vastness of interstellar distances will forever prove too much for man's puny inventiveness, and that we can never hope to travel outside the Solar System. This is the contention *SR* has asked Arthur C. Clarke, famous British astronaut ("The Exploration of Space") to discuss here. Before we take off into space it may be wise to get over any planetary provincialism.

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

THE exploration of the planets is now closer to us in time than the exploration of Africa by Stanley and Livingstone. Even before President Eisenhower told us that the United States was about to take the first steps into space no one qualified to pass judgment on the subject had any real doubts that interplanetary flight was technically feasible. The only points of debate were just when it would happen (1980 ± ten years would probably sum up informed opinion for the date of the first landing on the Moon), whether it would be done by chemical or atomic energy, and precisely how revolutionary its consequences would be.

Apart from all the scientific reasons, which have been discussed in countless books and articles, space-travel has one justification which transcends all others. It is probably the only way in which we can hope to answer one of the supreme questions of philosophy: Is Man alone in the universe? It seems incredible that ours should be the only inhabited planet among the millions of worlds that must exist among the stars, but we cannot solve this problem by speculating about it. If it can be solved at all it will be by visiting other planets to see for ourselves.

The Solar System, comprising the nine known worlds of our sun and their numerous satellites, is a relatively compact structure, a snug little celestial oasis in an endless desert. It is true that millions of miles separate Earth from its neighbors, but such distances are cosmically trivial. They will even be trivial in terms of human engineering before another 100 years—a mere second in historical time—has elapsed. However, the distances which sunder us from the possible worlds of other stars are of a totally different order of magnitude, and there are fundamental reasons for thinking that nothing—no scientific discovery or technical achievement—will ever make *them* trivial.

The rocket engineers of today think in speeds of miles a second; though the present record is only about 1.5 mps, the artificial satellites now being planned will attain velocities of 5 mps. When today's chemical fuels have been developed to the ultimate, and such tricks as refueling in space have been fully exploited, we will have spaceships which can attain speeds of about 10 mps. That means that the Moon will be reached in less than five days, and the nearer planets in about half a year. (I am deliberately rounding these numbers off, and anyone who tries to check my arithmetic had better remember that spaceships will never travel in straight lines or at uniform speeds.) The remoter planets, such as Jupiter and Saturn, could be reached only after many years of travel, and so the trio Moon-Mars-Venus marks the practical limit of exploration for chemically-propelled spaceships. Even for these cases it is easy to demonstrate that hundreds of tons of fuel would be

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needed for each ton of payload that would make the round trip.

This situation, which used to depress the pre-atomic-energy astronauts, will not last for long. Since we are not concerned here with engineering details we can take it for granted that eventually nuclear power in some form or other will be harnessed for the purposes of spaceflight. The short-lived Uranium Age will see the dawn of spaceflight; the succeeding era of fusion power will witness its fulfilment.

But even when we can travel among the planets as freely as we now travel over this earth we will be no nearer to solving the problem of Man's comrades in the universe. That is a secret that will still lie hidden in the stars. For all the evidence indicates that we are the only thinking inhabitants of the Solar System. We are the only conscious castaways upon the tiny raft of the Solar System, as it drifts forever along the Gulf Streams of the Galaxy.

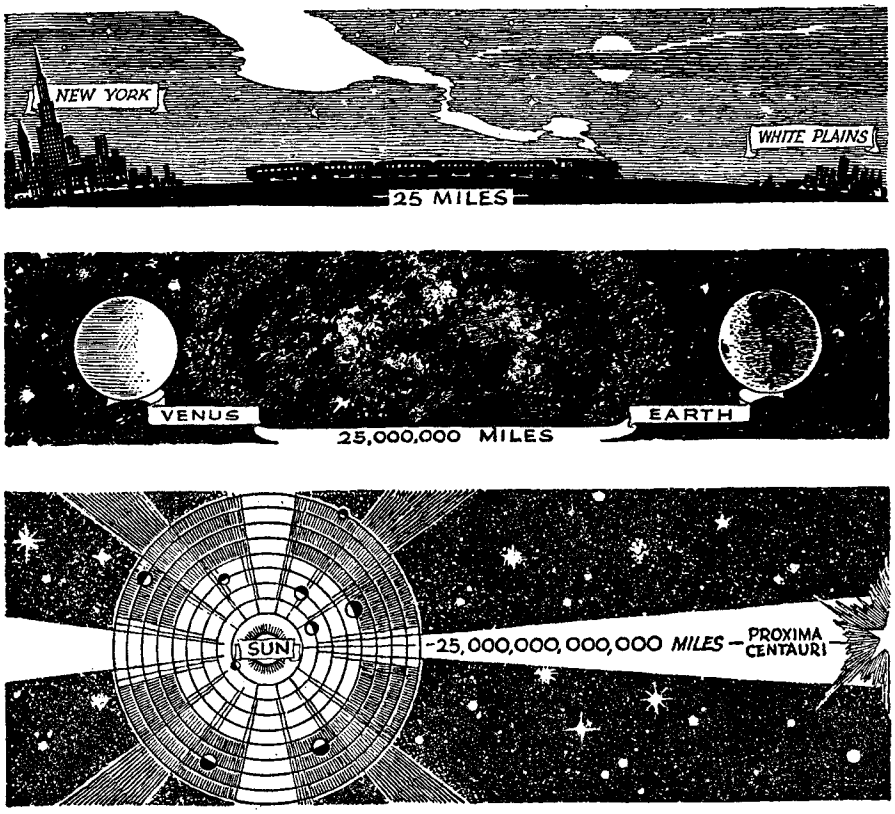
How to pass beyond the Solar System? The nearest of the stars is a million times further away than the closest of the planets. The spaceships we may expect to see a generation from now would take about 100,000 years to reach Proxima Centauri, our nearest stellar neighbor. Even the hypothetical nuclear-powered spaceships which a full century of atomic engineering may produce could hardly make the journey in less than 1,000 years.

In one of his novels C. S. Lewis referred to "God's quarantine regulations." There may be millions of inhabited worlds circling other suns, harboring beings whom to us would seem godlike, with civilizations and cultures beyond our wildest dreams. But we shall never meet them, and they for their part will never know of our existence. So run the conclusions of most astronomers, even those who are sure that "mere" interplanetary flight is just around the corner. But it is always dangerous to make negative predictions. Though the difficulties of *interstellar* travel are stupendous they are not insuperable. It is by no means certain that Man must remain trapped in the Solar System for eternity, never to know if he is a lonely freak without brothers and/or competitors.

There are two ways in which we might gain direct knowledge of other stellar systems without ever leaving our own. It can be shown that radio communication would be perfectly feasible across interstellar space if very slow-speed telegraphy were employed. However, we can hardly assume that anyone would be listening in at the precise frequency with a receiver tuned to the extremely narrow band (a few cycles per second wide!) which would have to be employed.

A more practical, though at first sight more startling, solution would be to send a survey ship—unmanned. This would be a gigantic extrapolation of existing techniques, but it would not involve anything fundamentally new. Imagine an automatic vessel, crammed with every type of recording instrument and controlled by an electronic brain with preset instructions. It would be launched out across space aimed at a target it might not reach for 1,000 years. But at last one of the stars ahead would begin to dominate the sky, and a century or so later this would have grown into a sun, perhaps with planets circling round it. Sleeping instruments would wake to life, the tiny ship would check its speed, its sense organs would start to record their impressions. It would circle world after world, following a program set up to cover all possible contingencies by men who had died 1,000 years before at home. Then, with the priceless knowledge it had gained, it would begin the long voyage home.

This type of proxy exploration of the universe would be slow and uncertain and would demand long-range planning beyond the capacity of our present age. Yet, if there is no other way of contacting the stars, this is how it might be done. One millennium would make an investment in technical skill, the next millennium would reap the benefit. It would be as if Archimedes were to start a research project which could produce no results before the time of Einstein —which, if you consider "science" as a whole the research project, is just the way it was done.



The distances man is now on the verge of conquering, like the smallest gap separating Earth from Venus, are about 1,000,000 times greater than the trip the ordinary man takes in a day, back and forth to work from his suburban home. But to flee our Solar System altogether, to move profitably and easily in the community of the stars, man must prepare himself to travel 1,000,000 times further than that—like the 25 x 10^{12} miles that yawn between our sun and her nearest stellar neighbor, which is Proxima Centauri.

IF MEN, and not merely their machines, are ever to reach the planets of other suns problems of much greater difficulty will have to be solved. Stated in its simplest form, the question is this: How can men survive a journey which may last for several thousand years? There are at least five different answers which must be regarded as theoretical possibilities.

Medicine may provide two rather obvious solutions. There appears to be no fundamental reason why men should die when they do. It is certainly not a matter of the body "wearing out" in the sense that a piece of machinery does, for in the course of a single year almost the entire fabric

(*Continued on page* 34)

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FICTION

Under the Million Dollars

"Ten North Frederick," by John O'Hara *(Random House. 416 pp. $3.95), the new novel by the author of "Appointment in Samarra" and "A Rage to Live," tells of some characters of (and some monuments to) a passing way of life in a favorite O'Hara locale.*

By James Kelly

NOT LONG ago in his column for *Collier's* John O'Hara confided that he did not have a million dollars. Now he presents an expertly articulated novel about some people who do have a million dollars and find it quite a handicap. His new novel, "Ten North Frederick," which deals once more with the entwined citizenry of Gibbsville, Pa., is his best performance since another Gibbsville item called "Appointment in Samarra." It mines the same solid vein of Americana, from civic affairs to conjugal relations and the Social Code, as did "A Rage to Live." It strips the veil from the myths about the security and respectability of "the good old days," pointing out in passing that deeds undone and words unsaid may be even more representative than those we remember, and it deals effectively with the labels and the badges of schools, colleges, clubs, possessions, success, and family position in the timeless battle between the Arrived and the Climbing.

That the family home of Joseph B. Chapin, who is the leading resident of Gibbsville and of the novel, preserves the musty relics of a vanished civilization is a truth the author somberly understands and lucidly conveys. "Even before Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt and his ideas arrived in Washington," writes Mr. O'Hara early in his story, "the old homes on South Main Street and North Frederick had become monuments of a passing way of life, reluctantly and fearsomely recognized as such by the sons and daughters who had deserted the monuments, and visited only at Christmas and family holidays." Then, beginning with a full and sardonic reportage of some carefully staged funeral services for Joe Chapin in the year 1945 (with revelatory remarks about distinguished lawyers, bankers, politicians, and Yale classmates in attendance), the reader is led into the past of all the Chapins who have been sheltered by the roof at Ten North Frederick.

It is not the plot, it is the people who matter here, and the author's attitude toward them might be called more fascinated and more curious than it is sympathetic. These characters credibly affect each other in the smallish frame of their lives. They are complex, significant, full-bodied. One comes away from their story with the impression that a gifted paragrapher, not a long-view novelist, has ticked them off, for in contrast with the electrifying exactness of its short profiles, expositions, and conversational exchanges, the novel's total effect is that of a densely populated glacier moving well within glacier speed. But Mr. O'Hara sees, hears, and writes as truly as ever within the pre-selected viewpoint of a social historian. He gives us visual journalism rather than mental or emotional flight. His characters spring to life, however briefly he touches them, and in the supporting cast of this story there are staggering numbers: from the Chapin family servants to Dr. English and his notorious son Julian, from a politician's wife to the superintendent of Gibbsville schools, from a realistic governor to a cynical county judge, and from musicians to shopkeepers.

In his lifetime Joe Chapin heeds his father's advice to carry on without doing anything cruel or dirty or mean. Regardless of provocation, he protects the sanctity of his inherited law business and first-family tradition. Wistfully desiring a happy marriage, satisfactory children, a part in World War I, and the job of lieutenant governor as a step along the way to the White House, he achieves only near-misses. Gibbsville, along with his business and social acquaintances, owns him. Edith, his wife, possesses Joe Chapin so thoroughly she has to find a master outside their marriage. Joe, Jr. and Ann could not be called parental triumphs, unless failure at schools, at marriages, and at human contacts can be overlooked.

At the war Joe's law partner, Arthur McHenry, won the toss and wore the uniform. In politics Joe finds too

—*Phyllis Cerf.*

THE AUTHOR: Hardly a writer is now alive who has not felt a twinge of envy toward John O'Hara, who back in the early Thirties sat on the edge of a hotel bed in New York City and wrote a publisher that he felt a first novel in his bones. An advance was forthcoming—O'Hara pieces had appeared in *The New Yorker*—and the result was "Appointment in Samarra," one of the top novels of the decade.

What envy other writers feel for him comes not so much from the professional ease with which O'Hara writes. Rather it is his ear (O'Hara's own ears are unusually large for his head) for the true, colloquial word and his unerring instinct for swift characterization. The locale of "Appointment in Samarra" was Pennsylvania, where O'Hara was born in Pottsville in 1905. But for the fifteen years after his first novel O'Hara turned his X-ray eye on the seamy side of bright-light life in New York and Hollywood, producing numerous short stories and three novels which critics praised for "hard-boiled brilliance of writing." O'Hara also lived the life of an O'Hara character. He wore a beat-up brown hat with a picturesque bullet-hole shot through the crown, and the stories of his appreciation of the Sauce—as any true O'Hara type would call it—were startling indeed. So were the tales of his prickly personality and his irascible arguments.

It would seem to be part of O'Hara that he lives the life of the kind of writer he is at the moment. Leaving the hectic Broadway beat in the late 1940s, he has become a gentleman author in that most tranquil of towns (for grown-ups), Princeton, N. J. Once again he is writing novels about Pennsylvania, there is no sauce, and he is happily married. He seems truly contented, but how has it affected the prickly personality? It's still there. "Wouldn't dare for a moment to say anything about John," said one of his friends when asked if O'Hara had changed. "He might see it, and he's still unpredictable. There'd be all-hell to pay." —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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late that he cannot ignore the machine represented by Mike Slattery (possibly the best portrait of a working politician anybody has given us) and yields a great measure of personal dignity. Finally, in search of personal fulfilment, Joe is offered and refuses the love of his daughter's New York roommate, which comes too late, and after that it is the twilight world of careful respectability, quiet alcoholism, and spectator relationships which set the stage for the assemblage of 1945. "Somewhere, finally, after his death, he was placed in the great past, where only what he is known to have said and done can contradict all that he did not say, did not do. And then, when that time was reached when he was placed in the great past, he went out of the lives of all of the rest of us, who are awaiting our turn."

Before killing himself, Marcus Brutus is supposed to have cried out his disillusionment: "O virtue! I thought you were something; but you are only an empty phantom!" Now, in focusing on the three generations preceding 1945 John O'Hara seems to have arrived at a similar conclusion, and for world travelers who read his book, this visit "back home" will offer plenty of fresh insight and nostalgic pleasure.

Sickly Strife

"Adam, Where Art Thou?" by Heinrich Böll *(translated from the German by Merwyn Savill. Criterion Books. 176 pp. $3), is a sturdy novel by one of Germany's postwar writers who takes as his theme here the utter senselessness of war.*

By Robert Pick

OVER the last five years or so the name of Heinrich Böll has become very well known in his native Germany. He has been recognized as one of its new prose writers of distinction, and in fact he writes extremely well. His style has a persuasiveness all its own and a kind of sturdy beauty. By a succession of rather ordinary observations he brings his characters to life. With an economical use of details suggesting Japanese drawings he builds up a scene out of an apparent chaos and leads the action to a climax without ever once raising his voice.

Take, for instance, the one love scene in his latest novel, "Adam, Where Art Thou?" Feinhals, a most unsoldierly soldier doing duty with a small field hospital in the eastern part of Nazi-occupied Hungary late in 1944, has been attracted by Ilona, a young teacher who has stayed behind in the school building which Feinhals's unit has taken over. He knows very little about the girl, a devout Catholic. Only when the Russian tanks approach the small town does she tell him that her family live in the ghetto, constantly endangered by the last-minute activities of the extermination squads of the occupiers.

That discovery does not influence the boy's feelings in the least: he is neither shocked by finding himself involved with a Jewess under the eyes of his racial-minded superiors, nor is he particularly moved by her tragic situation. All he knows and feels is his love for Ilona, and all Ilona feels is her love for him. For a moment they cling to each other and after a kiss part, never to see each other again. That scene is so powerful that its aftermath—Ilona's death at the hands of a concentration camp killer—is, for all its horror, an anticlimax.

It is much the same with the mordantly ironical story of another character in the novel, a mess orderly named Finck, who is sent by his colonel to Hungary in search of some genuine Tokay. Lugging a suitcase with some bottles of that choice wine, Finck is killed in a ridiculous attempt on the part of the town's commander to halt a Russian tank unit, and so he dies a hero of a sort, a comical figure really. Feinhals's encounter with Finck's family upon his return adds nothing to the pathos of Finck's death. Nor does Feinhals's own death, through an American shell, at the threshold of his parents' home give any new meaning to what happened previously in the story.

The theme of this novel is the senselessness of war—"a disease like typhoid," to quote, as the author does, Saint-Exupéry. But by necessity this senselessness, no matter how eloquently shown, fails to give sub-

(*Continued on page* 32)

Ophelia Sings Under Observation

By Anne Young

MY FATHER was a good man,
He never betrayed me—
My mother—God rest her—
A fair, gracious lady—
My brother, true as his own steel,
Till death and after,
Would defend me—my ladies,
For all their light laughter,
Were my friends—and little children
In a ring-game oft locked me
In their love—love? Who was it woke me,
Stabbed me, then mocked me
But him who calls me now Perdita—Ah Mother,
Did you whisper that while yet you rocked me?

Now the fiord is my father,
My mother the pale mere—
"If you rest on her bosom
You'll never know fear"
They sigh, my willow-maidens—
"Come, hang on me bravely,"
My brother, the stark ash tree cries—
Tenderly, gravely,
Sweet children of the east wind
In a mist-shroud will wind me,
Whilst my lover—that's the forked lightning—
Seeks never to find me,
And calls me now at last Petita—
Black cavern, hear that word—
Echo, be kind to me!

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FINE ARTS

From Ash Can to Cataclysm

"American Painting from the Armory Show to the Depression," by Milton W. Brown *(Princeton University Press. 244 pp. $15), offers a history (and some interesting interpretations) of U.S. art from 1913 to 1929. Our reviewer is Professor Robert Goldwater, chairman of the Department of Art at Queens College, New York City, and author of "Primitivism in Modern Painting."*

By Robert Goldwater

MEMORIES of the Twenties abound in the world of art, and many of its masters are still painting in styles whose main features they had developed during that time. Yet in an esthetic sense it is a period twice removed from the present: once by the realistic tendency (and WPA battles) of the Thirties, and once again by the increasingly abstract and symbolic painting of the last fifteen years. Thus, despite brilliant survivals, the art of pre-1929 appears as a story that ended with the impact of the Depression on the artist, and it is in this way that the author of "American Painting from the Armory Show to the Depression" quite properly tells his story.

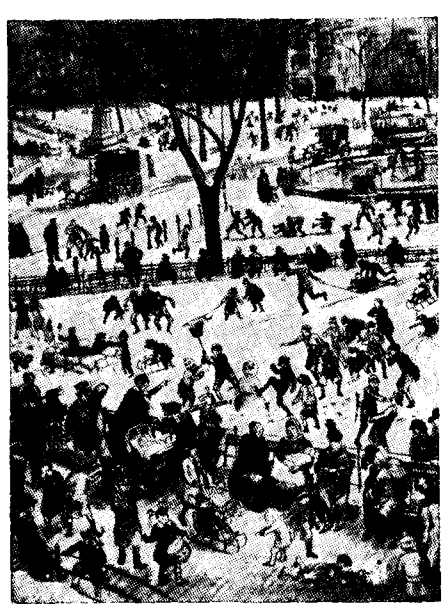
His title tells us that he begins with 1913, when the Armory Show (that exhibition conceived in enthusiasm and generosity but born into vituperation and ridicule) presented the United States with a sudden kaleidoscopic view of the then shocking progression of European art from impressionism through cubism. Actually, however, he dwells at some length on the dozen years preceding the Armory show—years during which American art broke away from the pallid tenuousness of the nineteenth-century academic tradition. He is obviously fond of Henri, Luks, Sloan, Shinn, and their friends, of their energetic delight in scenes of city street, backyard, and tavern, and of their generous concern with the picturesque spectacle of their fellow men, most of whom, like themselves, were poor. Mr. Brown writes of these men, for whose sake (love giving license) he has expanded the name of the Ash Can School, with a detailed enthusiasm that he gives to no single part of the ensuing two decades.

This is the key to an understanding of his two terminal dates. One is an artistic event, the other an economic cataclysm, and he is at some pains to explain their relevance by his belief in the double reference, esthetic and social, of all art—a belief with which there surely need be no argument. But it becomes apparent that he sees the period 1913 to 1929 as an interlude in a realistic tradition, which his turn of phrase constantly suggests is the proper direction and true character of American art. To him realism and "modernism" are opposite if not equal; the one public and socially useful, the other isolated, esoteric, and eventually meaningless.

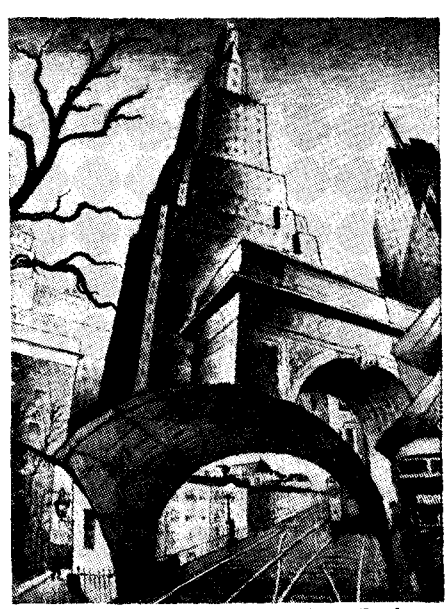
Yet Mr. Brown has unraveled the complicated and interwoven events of thirty years of American painting to tell a clear and fascinating story. All these elements emerge with precision: the fight of Henri against the academy, Stieglitz and the *cenacle* of "291," George Bellows's athletic figure, Max Weber's immersion in the modern movement, Hopper and Burchfield as romantic realists, and Marsh's virtuoso draftsmanship. He has done pioneer work in gathering the documents that tell the tale of changing critical tastes from Frank Jewett Mather to Duncan Phillips, and of the education out of conservatism of some of the outstanding "modernist" collectors. His account of the "pseudo-scientific" theories of Maratta and Dow is among the most valuable sections of his book.

This is admittedly a broad history of the development and interaction of the general artistic tendencies of a time. Into it have been fitted short characterizations of a very great number of individual artists, and the result is a rich and well-filled chronicle. In many cases these descriptions are excellent, though in others the author's recurrent tendency to equate style with subject-matter and his strong preference for realism have altered a true perspective. Sympathy for backwoods "buck-eye" cannot save Walt Kuhn's posed figures from emptiness; and, whatever the initial impulse and influence, the Sovers' sentimental renderings have little to do with Degas. Similarly, Hopper's vision is much more penetrating than "snapshot," and Marin does not portray New York (much less Delaunay the Eiffel Tower) as "a fearful and oppressive social force." The significance of *collage* is hardly to be reduced to a "manipulation of materials," nor is love for the "esoteric" the outstanding quality of the Arensberg collection, centered as it is on cubism.

Though it is outside his theme Mr. Brown writes as though he regrets all that has taken place in American art and taste since 1940. Do we today still believe that "modernism" (*sic*) is a passing excess? I think most observers of today would give to the facts of the esthetic history a very different set of values. But Mr. Brown has written an important book, and it is good to see American art dealt with in a historical fashion.



William J. Glackens's "Washington Square."



—*From the book*

Glenn O. Coleman's "Bus View."

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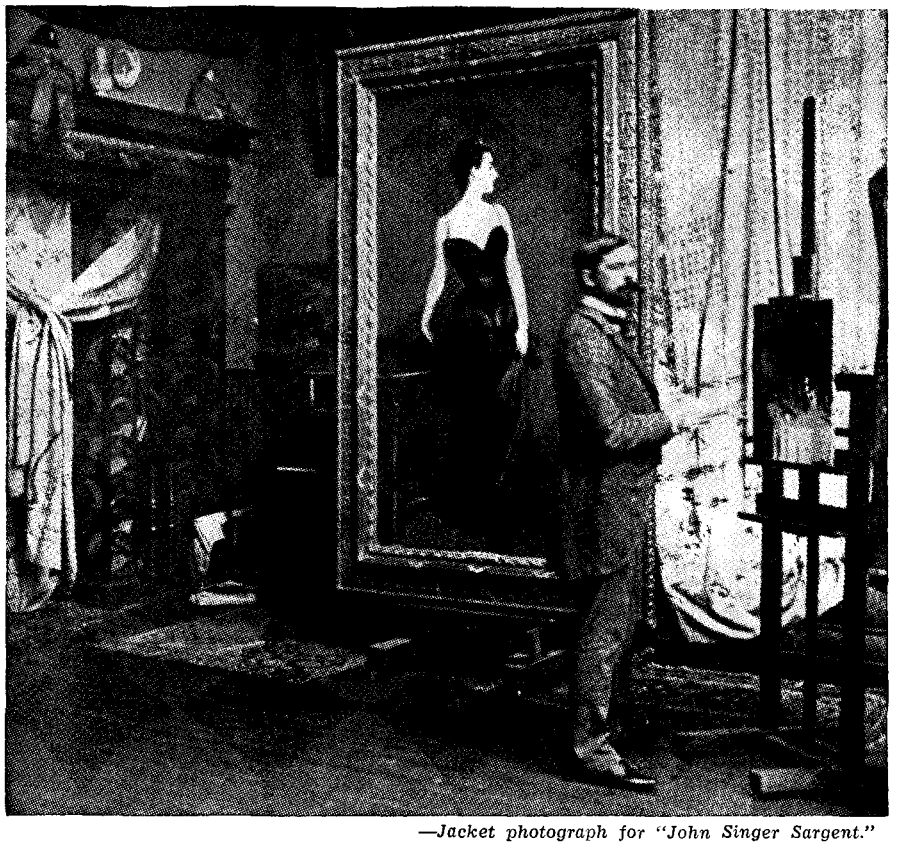

—*Jacket photograph for "John Singer Sargent."*

Sargent with "Mme. Gautreau"—"most sought-after portrait painter on two continents."

Sympathetic Cher Maître

***"John Singer Sargent," by Charles Merrill Mount** (W. W. Norton. 464 pp. $5.95), is an admiring and affectionate portrait of the painter of "Madame Gautreau," "Judith Gautier," and other well-known works. Holger Cahill, our reviewer, is the author of "New Horizons in American Art."*

By Holger Cahill

THE story of painter John Singer Sargent's early life was the *donnée* for Henry James's short novel "The Pupil." James said he got the hint from a conversation in a railway carriage, but he may well have had it from Sargent. In any event, Sargent's early years as James tells the story were not unlike those of the pupil Morgan Moreen, a boy who saw through the shoddy devices of his too openly aspiring family.

Now a new (and non-fictional) biography of Sargent has been published, and it is a portrait of a painter done with affection and admiration. It gives us an intimate glimpse of the young Sargent (and of his European-trotting family, which always lived on the precarious edge of a small income from America).

After some youthful art studies in Italy Sargent entered the atelier of Carolus-Duran in Paris. Mr. Mount gives a good picture of the artist as student, of his easy acquisition of Carolus-Duran's technique, which he carried to a mastery greater than that of his teacher, and of his first promising years as a portrait painter in Paris. This early period of success came to an end in 1884 with the rather silly scandal caused by the exhibition of his portrait of Madame Gautreau, and in that year Sargent moved to London and began building up the reputation which made him the most sought-after and highly-paid portrait painter on two continents. In England and later in America he was introduced in magazine articles by his friend Henry James, who saw in him the "slightly uncanny spectacle of a talent which on the very threshold of its career has nothing more to learn." This statement, meant as flattery, may in time stand as Sargent's epitaph.

Sargent carried to perfection the technique of Carolus-Duran, which one may call a popularization of methods that Manet derived from the later paintings of Velasquez and Franz Hals. With this technique when he was at his best Sargent turned out first-rate portraits, among them "Madame Gautreau" (Metropolitan Museum of Art), "Robert Louis Stevenson" (John Hay Whitney collection), "Judith Gautier," whose subject was the daughter of the French poet (Detroit Institute of Arts), and "Mrs. Charles Gifford Dyer" (Art Institute of Chicago). From these one may agree with the judgment of the late Frank Jewett Mather that at his best he is a portrait painter of the first order. (And that at his worst his work was flimsy and specious, and that the average run of his work shows him as a picture manufacturer "merely dextrous.")

BUT Mr. Mount sees Sargent as a dynamic innovator who "created a portraiture such as had never before been seen." He believes that Sargent went beyond Carolus-Duran by incorporating in his work everything of value in impressionism and bringing it "back into the mainstream of art," though neither Sargent's portraits nor the landscape watercolors of his later career do anything to support this belief. Sargent's understanding of impressionism did not go beyond Carolus-Duran's popular version of Manet's "dark impressionism." As an American impressionist he is outranked by Mary Cassatt, Theodore Robinson, and John Twachtman. As a portrait painter he does not equal his contemporary Thomas Eakins or the American masters of the eighteenth century. As a watercolorist he is not in the same class with Winslow Homer. His murals in the Boston Public Library and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts cannot stand comparison with the mural painting of his contemporary John La Farge in the Church of the Ascension, New York. As a book "John Singer Sargent" has about it the twilight mood of history which is lived in its own penumbra without any of the unsettling illuminations of hindsight. It is Sargent as his contemporary friends and admirers saw him, lifted above European and American masters who outranked him and endowed with stature and timelessness which the years have subjected to the inevitable bleak erosion of critical opinion. But one may still sympathize with Mr. Mount, who sees Sargent as a *cher maître*, and thank him for new insights into one of the most fabulous of American success stories.

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Humanist's Messages

"The Letters of Peter Paul Rubens" *(translated and edited by Ruth Saunders Magurn. Harvard University Press. 509 pp. $10) is a collection of the great artist's correspondence on the subjects of both art and politics. Here the collection is reviewed by Wolfgang Stechow, professor of the history of art at Oberlin College.*

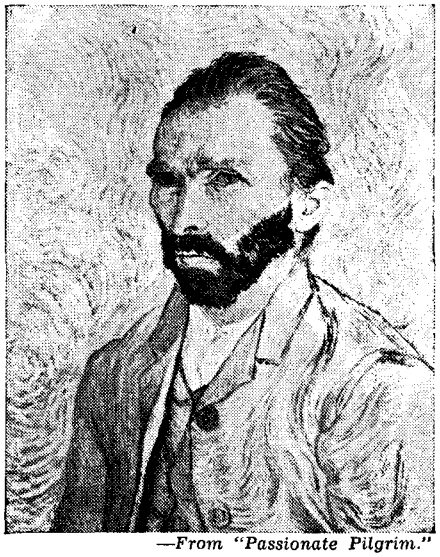
By Wolfgang Stechow

ALL the known letters of Peter Paul Rubens contain no more than two or three pages on his art. Yet their publication makes one of the finest contributions to our understanding of a great artist to have come out in a long time. They present to us a comprehensive image of his mind and his heart, which is set against but never merely conditioned by the fascinating background of his time.

One could argue, somewhat paradoxically to be sure, that we are more in need of Vincent van Gogh's views on his art than we are of Rubens's, even though van Gogh is, roughly speaking, of our time and Rubens was of a period that flourished more than three hundred years ago. Through van Gogh's letters we seek access to an *oeuvre* conceived by a tortured mind: works which often betray the travail suffered at their birth and which need sympathetic understanding that can be enlightened by the artist's own words. The monumental optimism of Rubens's art does not call for such guidance; we have not lost the ability to appreciate their sweeping grandeur or their glowing intimacy; their formal excellence, exemplified by immaculate and seemingly spontaneous solutions of complex problems of composition and color, is readily grasped.

Yet what we have lost is the understanding of the roots of Rubens's work, of the soil in which they grew to such commanding height and healthy stature; and with this loss we have lost a full understanding of their very content. Goethe once said of our relationship to all artists, "He who would understand the artist must go into the artist's land," and this advice applies not only to the understanding of the artist's technique and style but also—as Goethe did not have to remind the public of his time—to the understanding of his subject matter. The essence of Rubens's subject matter was humanistic, and today we need the illumination provided by his own letters.

The letters were written by one of the great humanists of his time. By stressing the importance of the messages which the artist sent to enlightened scholars and co-humanists like Nicolas-Claude de Peiresc, his brother Valavez, and Pierre Dupuy (the three recipients of the majority of his private letters) I do not wish to depreciate those which he wrote in connection with his diplomatic efforts. Even of these there are few which do not offer us at least a glimpse of that part of his mind which had been trained by humanistic studies to learn from the past and to discover and stress the human element within the crazy maze of seventeenth-century politics. The letters referring to his tireless and wholly successful efforts for peace between Spain and England contain many passionate appeals to cut through red tape in order that the hopes of all the European people should not be jeopardized; and those referring to his equally tireless but tragically vain efforts for peace between his Flemish homeland and the Northern Provinces reflect his profound disappointment and his compassion with the victims of the political inertia and blundering of the Madrid clique—a clique which he fully recognized and occasionally characterized with amazing frankness. His admiration of the Infanta Isabella because "politics aside, she respects and honors" the Prince of Orange, his complete and very frank lack of religious orthodoxy as well as of all caste prejudices, his unique blend of self-esteem and sincere modesty, and his insistence on completeness of pertinent information ("It does not serve brevity to say one thing instead of another")—all these are manifestations of a great humanist's mind and heart.



—From "Passionate Pilgrim."

van Gogh self-portrait—"a new dimension."

Genius in Minutiae

"Passionate Pilgrim: The Life of Vincent van Gogh," by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson *(Random House. 300 pp. $5), is the newest of an increasing number of popular biographies of the celebrated painter. Our reviewer, Eduard Buckman, has been a student of the life of van Gogh for twenty years.*

By Eduard Buckman

THE writers of today have had a habit of interpreting the artist Vincent van Gogh along routine, tabloid lines, most of them sensational and melodramatic. They also have had a habit of seeming self-satisfied with their results, and now Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson sound complacently self-satisfied, too, in their latest book, "Passionate Pilgrim," a book which has to its credit the distinction of being the longest, most detailed, relatively correct (and almost rational) biography yet to appear in English on Vincent van Gogh. Unhappily, however, this is a rather dubious distinction.

In the preface of their book the Hansons say: "We should perhaps add—and we have in mind particularly the beginning and end of the book—that everything we have written is solidly based on ascertained facts. This assurance will not be necessary to previous readers; we make it only to those who may come to this as the first of our works." And yet at the very beginning of their biography the Hansons tell of the first child born to the van Goghs—a boy who came exactly a year to the day before Vincent and who was also named Vincent. The Hansons say this child lived only a few weeks but was thereafter cherished in memory by both parents and held up to the second Vincent as the shining example, thereby producing a neurosis in Vincent. Yet according to the van Gogh genealogical data published in the new Dutch edition of van Gogh's collected correspondence ("Verzamelde Brieven," 4 vols., Wereldbibliotheek, Amsterdam, 1952-1954) the first Vincent was stillborn, and the theory that he was ever made the example for the second Vincent is a recently propounded psychoanalytic theory for which there is no confirmation in fact.

Near the end of the biography the Hansons' Vincent threatens his doctor with a revolver. The story used to be that Vincent reached in his pocket

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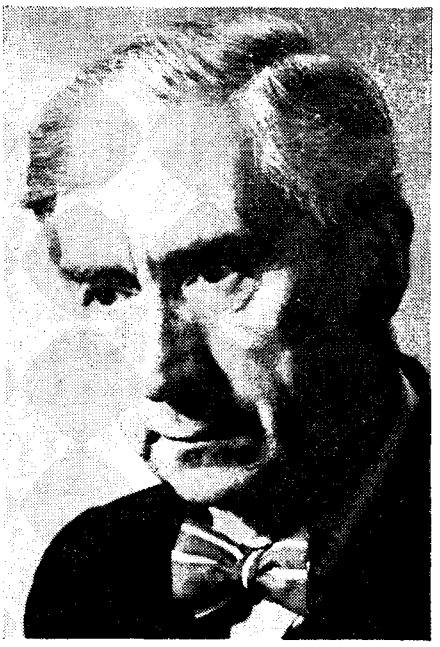
as if a revolver were there. But now the Hansons have him draw it out and point it at Dr. Gachet. The doctor's son, Paul Gachet, has denied this story. For years Vincent's greatest admirer and champion in France, Monsieur Gachet is very truthful when it comes to Vincent. If the incident had ever happened we have no reason to believe Monsieur Gachet would conceal it.

UNHAPPILY, these two instances show that the Hansons have not based everything solidly on ascertained facts. Undoubtedly they brought their own preconceptions to their work. They constantly assign thoughts to Vincent despite the fact that it is dangerous to dictate the mind of an unpredictable genius like Vincent, for whom the illogical was often the logical, and to do so leaves ascertained facts far behind. The Hansons also seem obsessed with Vincent's physical appearance, calling it "repellent . . . criminal-looking." Yet the few first-hand descriptions we have of Vincent (one of which the Hansons quote) fail to bear out the statements that Vincent's face was repulsive.

The greatest defect in "Passionate Pilgrim" is undoubtedly the way in which the Hansons have used Vincent's letters. He wrote almost daily to his brother Theo, who supported him financially throughout his painting career. These letters detail at length (and unreservedly) what Vincent van Gogh was doing and thinking. As an unpremeditated record of the development of a genius these letters are unparalleled. The new Dutch edition contains passages omitted from earlier editions because they dealt with family matters, and the Hansons have fully availed themselves of this new material. Much of it puts Vincent in an extremely bad light, but in using it the Hansons frequently overstress Vincent's antisocial behavior. The impression is occasionally created that Vincent spent all his time being disagreeable, and we momentarily lose sight of the fact that Vincent was always hard at work on his art.

The Hansons say: "Vincent wrote bad Dutch, bad French, bad English." They deplore his style and for the excerpts they use they explain: "We have made free translations, our object being to give the essence of the thing said—to attempt to give the manner of the man who said it would merely lead to confusion. . . ." This reviewer finds these "free translations" misleading. He cannot understand why the Hansons did not use whenever possible the superb English translation (now out of print) done



—*Walter R. Fleischer.*

Herbert Read—"daring and insight."

by Vincent's sister-in-law, Theo's widow, Mme. van Gogh-Bonger. She captured the equivalent in English of Vincent's unique Dutch and French. Grammatically Vincent may often have been a bit shaky, but his writing is always effective. He somehow created a new dimension with words just as he did with paint. These letters are essential for a full understanding of the man. In the new Dutch edition they are supplemented by much source material, including first-hand recollections and letters from friends. If this edition were available in English translation we would not need biographies like the Hansons. It is only because they are not available that we must be satisfied with "Passionate Pilgrim."

—From "Icon and Idea."

Dürer self-portrait—"the art of delight."

Beholding Reality

"Icon and Idea: The Function of Art in the Development of Human Consciousness," *by Herbert Read (Harvard University Press. 161 pp. $7.50), introduces a startling new theory in the study of art: that the "reality" of an age is crystallized in art before it is crystallized in that age's religion, philosophy, and science. Our reviewer, Stephen C. Pepper, is chairman of the Art Department at the University of California.*

By Stephen C. Pepper

IN A time of esthetic skepticism it is provocative and essentially wholesome to ask for a recognition of insight, truth, and practical seriousness in works of art. This is what a new volume by Herbert Read entitled "Icon and Idea" tries to do. In Mr. Read's view art is not a kind of play and it is not primarily concerned with pleasures. It is primarily concerned with expression and communication of "reality" as "reality" concerns man, and Mr. Read's central term for esthetic worth is *vitality*.

There is nothing new in the thesis that art is the expression of an age and that parallels can be found between the art forms and the religious, philosophical, and scientific expressions of an age. But the hypothesis that an epoch's ideas and its categories of thought are generated first in the perceptual embodiments of art is new. This is the startling significance of the title of Mr. Read's new story of the function of art. It is his theory that the icon of the artist inspires the idea of the thinker. A glimpse of reality is first crystallized in an artist's icon, and only then is it prepared for the conceptual elaboration of the thinker.

In a series of lectures which comprise the book Mr. Read traces icon and idea through seven stages of the expanding development of human awareness of reality: (1) the paleolithic awareness of animals, (2) the neolithic realization of geometric pattern, (3) the high religious realization of the infinite, (4) the Greek realization of the human type, (5) the Renaissance awareness of an external nature, (6) the modern awareness of the "self," and (7) a new realization of a constructive pattern embodying all the accumulated intuitions about space since the primitive geometric period.

These seven stages are liberally

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illustrated, and the general thesis of an expanding human awareness of experience evidenced in the history of art is rather convincing. This in itself is contribution enough, opposing, as it does, the current assumption that there is progress in science but not in art. But many students of art will be dubious about some of the details of Mr. Read's hypothesis. Just what does Read mean by "reality"? Is it something in man's environment waiting to be delineated as the animals were for paleolithic man? Or is it, as he says elsewhere, "a construct of our senses"? Or is it something still more evanescent? "The artist," writes Mr. Read in this connection, "elaborates images which are the images of reality; they *are* reality, for we discover reality only in the degree that we crystallize these images out of the Unknown. The Great Chain of Being—what is it but a chain of images, 'an ever-changing chain of images, ever true and ever real as long as they are in use'?"

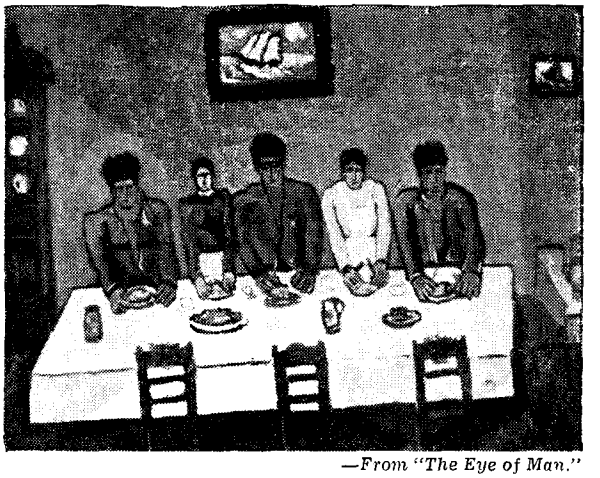
There is also in the background throughout these lectures the Jungian conception of an "archetype," which revives the abandoned doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Also is it safe to conclude that what is not embodied in the art of a period is not perceived or perceivable by the men of the period? Could not the Egyptians also see things in perspective considering the structure of the human eye, or even discriminate the three-dimensional volume of Newtonian space? Might not the paleolithic men have had geometric intuitions even if they were less interested in these than were neolithic men?

I should also want to ask whether this is not a one-sided esthetic of Mr. Read's? Men like Prall and Santayana explore mainly the art of delight; Mr. Read explores the art of relief. It is timely to have the latter stressed again with the vigor and daring and insight that Mr. Read possesses. But the art of delight is still here with its consummatory values, and it is not so trivial after all.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1130)

CHARLES MALAM:
FORECAST

. . . But what of the social weather?
How are men doing together,
Asea in a curvature sky,
Full sail at a thousand miles an hour
(And nobody knows how high)?
What is the forecast for this day week?
What was the temperature whence you came?



—*From "The Eye of Man."*
"Fisherman's Last Supper," by Mardsen Hartley.

Two-Faced Canvas

"The Eye of Man: Form and Content in Western Painting," by Selden Rodman *(Devin-Adair. 182 pp. $10), is a new volume which deplores the present state of art in the world and cries for what the author terms "expressive content" in painting. Here it is reviewed by Frances Blanshard, author of "Retreat from Likeness in the Theory of Painting."*

By Frances Blanshard

A RECENT notice in a newspaper column on "Art and Artists" shows how trivial an exhibition can be without exciting the least surprise. "Some small, fervid non-objective gouaches" are described as packed by the artist "with all sorts of scrawls and symbols, achieving much complexity on a small scale." Is fervid complexity in a small space all that can be expected of art? Even more serious an indictment is implied in a well-known critic's assumption that painters today are completely withdrawn from life. She asks: Has not painting "become so introverted, so personal, so intellectualized that it has lost both its emotion and its power of communication?" The answer given is Yes and, curiously enough, it is given with no apparent regret at the loss.

This is the background of Selden Rodman's forceful attack on modern formalism in "The Eye of Man." Mr. Rodman enters the arena of esthetics from broad experience in two arts. On the one hand he is a poet and editor of anthologies; on the other an art historian who has shown sympathy with painting in many styles, from the relative formalism of Piero della Francesca to the primitive murals of Haiti and the social criticism of Ben Shahn. That Mr. Rodman himself has a strong sense of social responsibility is apparent in his writings on art, and also in the fact that for some years he was an editor of the magazine *Common Sense*. His interests combine to make him regret that art, which has been and could be of great human importance, now has little value except to a limited group of artists and critics. This, he insists, is the result of overemphasizing form at the expense of content; the non-objectivists who have succeeded in making art "pure" have reduced it to the level of decoration.

Mr. Rodman is not without hope, however, that a new dawn is at hand when painters once more will have something to say and will find ways of saying it. In this book he tells how this hope gained strength from the work of artists he knew in Haiti and from a scattered few in this country, as well as from a survey of the history of painting. This latter left him convinced that an overemphasis on form is bound to incite a reaction to correct it. Mr. Rodman is not willing, however, simply to let the pendulum swing as it may. He would speed the decline of formalism by urging the claims of content, always with the understanding that both form and content are indispensable. They are art's "two faces," which in the work of a great artist are perfectly fused.

THE kind of content that Mr. Rodman finds in art at its best has noth-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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Two Sides of a "Savage Land"

—From the book jacket.

"The Frontier Years: L. A. Huffman, Photographer of the Plains," by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton *(Henry Holt. 272 pp. $10), explores in thorough text and pictures a half-century's history of the American West, much of it through the lens of a famous photographer who saw it unfolding before him. Our reviewer is Professor Walter Prescott Webb, of the University of Texas, author of "The Great Plains."*

By Walter Prescott Webb

I DO NOT know whether the newly published "The Frontier Years" affects others as it does me, but if it does, then in due time its quiet and unobtrusive authors will become known as men who have written a classic on the American West. I do not use the word classic lightly, and I do not speak of the American West without knowledge of it and of most of the books that have been written about it. This one has a quality of content and a texture that make it unique. It supplements Robert Taft's "Artists and Illustrators of the Old West," and both of them shame a more recent compilation of pictures about the West whose title and authors shall be nameless here.

This book is built around L. A. Huffman, a young photographer who went to Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone where he became post photographer. The date was December 11, 1878. Huffman died December 28, 1931. He had spent fifty-three years at Fort Keogh and in its civilian neighbor, Milestown (now Miles City, Montana). In this half century he made a photographic record of everything of importance that went on here, and supplemented his photographs with letters and manuscripts which were available to the authors. From his photographs we can see this settlement and community go through the complete evolution from the raw frontier to its present standardized state. The record began with the Indians, Sioux and Cheyenne, and went on to bull trains, mule trains, soldiers, parties of game hunters, and scientific expeditions.

Huffman's pictures had long been known to all people who know the West, and their mere compilation would have been a valuable service. But here the authors entered and performed a feat which raises this book to a place of distinction. They marked off on the map the territory surrounding Milestown, territory extending to the Missouri River on the north, to the Black Hills on the southeast, to the Yellowstone National Park on the southwest, to Virginia City, Nevada and Helena, Montana on the west—the region in which Huffman made his photographs.

> There was a sunny, savage land
> Beneath the eagle's wings
> And there across the thorns and sand,
> Wild rovers rode as kings.

Then the authors went into the records and wrote a history of a Western community arising in a rugged and picturesque land filled with more than its share of natural wonders, a history of the passing of Indian life and the beginning of our own. Though they never strain for effect, the story they tell is one of the saddest I have read. The story is of the place where and the time when the dying edge of the Indian civilization overlapped the dawning edge of its successor. The effect is summed up by a ranchman who said, "One of the greatest tragedies of history is that the Indian and the white man had to meet. No two races could have understood each other less." The superior quality of the book is that the authors understand both civilizations and have been able to portray this Western life without distorting it.

Huffman's photographs are used as a backdrop for the dramatic performance that lasted for thirty years. They set the tone of tragedy by putting before us the bold fine faces of Young Spotted Eagle, of Scorched Lightning, of Deaf Bull the Crow, and of the marvelous almost naked form of Wolf Voice—all of these heads and faces and bodies so fine that one must regret that they met the white man.

Beginning with these Indians, the authors bring on the other actors in order. These are the white men, soldiers, hide hunters, bull trains, hunting parties, scientists, and remittance men. With great skill they introduce the characters and let them talk for themselves about this life. Here are the great figures of the West, for nearly all came to Milestown. There are General Nelson A. Miles, Captain William P. Clark of Indian sign language fame, W. T. Hornaday of buffalo fame, Charles M. Russell and Frederick Remington, Badger Clark and X. Biedler, these and many more. The reader often shies from quotations, but not in this case, where before he knows it he is in the presence of the men who were there.

HISTORIANS avoid superlatives and I am a historian. Whatever the risk I am going to put this book first in several respects:

It is the best book that has been done on what may be called a Western community if a region of several thousand square miles can be called a community. It equals the best that has been done in this country and it should be of interest to historians, sociologists, and economists. It can serve as a guide to tourists and as a handbook for those who want to rig up a freight line, manage oxen, horses, and mules, or go on a buffalo hunt. It should be very useful in Hollywood.

It is the best balanced account I have seen of the two civilizations, the Indian and the white, at the time they met. There is no distortion and no bias. The Indians are treated fairly, without prejudice and without sentiment. They are human beings who act rationally according to their standards, and often with honor and magnanimity by any standard. The white man was rough by present standards, but he was also rational. All that he did around Milestown is presented in balance, but his reasons are made clear.

The spotlight has been turned on the lawlessness of these Western towns, and Milestown had its share of what would be lawlessness now. When we are reminded that these small towns could afford but one marshall it becomes obvious that he could not bother with the details that went on. He had to function at a high level among a hundred or more men who were all armed. Saloons, yes. You could get drunk, but you could find companionship, gather news, and make business deals, and find your friends as well as your enemies.

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Pacific City's Past

"San Francisco Profiles," by Samuel Dickson *(Stanford University Press. 811 pp. $10), a set of three volumes which includes the newly published* ***"The Streets of San Francisco"*** *(240 pp. $4), is a storehouse of light and solid history about that West Coast city. Our reviewer, William Hogan, is the literary editor of* The San Francisco Chronicle.

By William Hogan

SAMUEL DICKSON is a kind of unofficial San Francisco historian. Over the years on a local radio program and in books he has been a generator of nostalgia in a town that dotes on it. He is the promoter of The San Francisco Legend and he is a storehouse of anecdotes that begin when the Mormon elder and *bon vivant* Sam Brannan raced through the mud of Montgomery Street shrieking "Gold, gold from the American river. . . ."

Mr. Dickson was raised in the San Francisco of the Nineties when the place was settling down to a semblance of Far Western normalcy after a forty-year binge that began with the painted ladies imported from France and Peru and continued through bizarre scenes played by such performers as Edwin Booth, Adah Isaacs Menken, "Filibuster" Walker, Robert Louis Stevenson, young Billy Hearst, and, of course, the Bonanza kings.

Mr. Dickson's function is that of a drumbeater in the cause of keeping San Francisco's past alive in its present generation. It's not a hard job in a place that has always been less a United States city than a Pacific one (Shanghai, Panama, and Bangkok were always just at the foot of Sacramento Street). Even now in Mr. Dickson's cool, gray Pacific home the weird quarter-tone music of Chinese instruments mingles with phonograph shops that blare Dave Brubeck, and characters continue to emerge: William Saroyan, George Mardikian, Jake Erlich, Barnaby Conrad, and until his recent death the West's famous literary critic Joseph Henry Jackson, who at a suggestion's drop would lead a barbershop quartet in "Sweet Molly Malone."

"The Streets of San Francisco" is Samuel Dickson's third foray in book form into his city's flamboyant past. This one starts in the 1890s and continues through the century's early years, when the names of Luisa Tetrazzini, Robert Dollar, Arnold Genthe, Oliver Morosco, and Sol Bloom turn up. As a book it is not, despite its title, an account of the city's streets. Like his other collections, it is about some of the people who trod them over the years.

His title comes from Tetrazzini's answer to her manager who, in 1905, wanted her to appear in New York. "I will sing in San Francisco if I have to sing in the streets . . .," the operatic star replied. She did, of course, at Lotta's Fountain on Christmas Eve, and Mr. Dickson, who was in the throng, recalls that after her rendition of "I Would Linger in This Dream" it seemed the ovation would never end. Arnold Genthe made an art of photography, both in portraits and in his eerie exteriors, many made during the earthquake and fire of 1906. Tad Dorgan, the cartoonist, trod the tenderloin's streets. "Applesauce," he once replied to William Randolph Hearst, his boss, thereby establishing a sharp retort of the time. San Francisco worried over the traffic problem bicycles created; Dickson recalls the early years of his friend Jack London, oyster pirate and waterfront wanderer; and he remembers lesser-known men who in their fashion helped give the city a flavor (to the honky-tonk piano tune of a turkey trot).

Now "The Streets of San Francisco" and its two predecessors, "San Francisco Is Your Home" and "San Francisco Kaleidoscope," published respectively in 1947 and 1949, have been bundled into a large, economy-size box of nostalgia by Stanford University Press. Number One in the box takes us from the Gold Rush to the Comstock, the railroad and champagne era. Number Two seems to be all the San Franciscana that Mr. Dickson couldn't cram into his first book, from the story of Andrew Hallidie, who licked the hills in the Seventies by rigging up an impossible cable car system, to Isadora Duncan, the opportunistic hoofer from Oakland.

In all three of Mr. Dickson's valentines to his home town the fog pours through the Golden Gate at daybreak, the dolorous call of the foghorn on Alcatraz keeps people awake at night, the rain falls on Chinatown's alleys, the Neopolitan chatter rises through North Beach, and the vignettes pile on.

Samuel Dickson's old-timers out on Pacific Heights are going to be giving this set of books to one another come Christmastime, you may be sure. And if any Bostonians or Philadelphians have friends among the West's old guard they may anticipate a gift package of "San Francisco Profiles" before the snow flies.

San Francisco—"dotes on nostalgia."

Sandy Lessons

"The Voice of the Desert," by Joseph Wood Krutch *(William Sloane. 223 pp. $3.75), offers a collection of informative and thoughtful essays on some strange forms of natural life which have managed to adapt themselves admirably to the most extreme climates of the desert.*

By Thomas E. Cooney

A FEW years ago Joseph Wood Krutch resigned as Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University and went to live in the Arizona desert near Tucson. He brought with him the intellectual curiosity and the clarity of language that made him for years a popular lecturer and well-loved teacher; he also brought with him the love for nature that he had shown in his biography of Henry David Thoreau and in the New England nature essays of "The Twelve Seasons." Out of this contact between a talented observer and a beautiful and haunting landscape have come two books, "The Desert Year," and the just-published "The Voice of the Desert," the latter of which is a series of profoundly thoughtful and informative essays on the strange forms of life are bred by the violent extremes of desert climate.

Mr. Krutch devotes more than half of his book to the description of this desert environment, showing how the land came to be dry and how plants,

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birds, and animals have adapted themselves to its challenge. Among these wonders, all of which the author has observed either in his own house and garden or on excursions near his home, are the kangaroo rat, which gets along without drinking any water at all, the spade-foot toad, which spends most of its life underground waiting for the one summer rain that will leave a puddle in which it can lay its eggs, the comical but exquisitely adapted Roadrunner, the Yucca plant and the moth that pollinates it in order to create seeds for its own larvae to feed on, and numerous foxes, deer, jackrabbits and wild pigs, many of which appear in the photographs which accompany the text.

TO contemplate the varied ways in which life perpetuates itself amid the adversities of the desert inevitably leads one into speculations about the nature of life itself and the lessons that human beings can take from their observations of nature. These speculations turn out to be the true meat of Mr. Krutch's book, and he uses the word "metabiology" (as an analogy to metaphysics) to describe the ideas that occur to him as he searches for the pattern of meaning of life in the desert. These thoughts are woven beautifully into his descriptive passage throughout most of the book, but they are made very explicit in his two concluding chapters, "Conservation Is Not Enough" and "The Mystique of the Desert." In the first of these two he gives a hard-hitting explanation of how man's short-sighted conservation measures, favoring "harmless" animals and putting bounties on the predators, have disturbed the balance of nature and turned the protected species into pests. In "The Mystique of the Desert" he tells how he, an Easterner, finds in his own life in the Arizona desert the nearest approach to that mystical knowledge of the secret of the universe that is true religion.

No report on a book of Mr. Krutch's would be complete without a comment on his style. It is almost exactly that style which students remember so well from his professorial days: clear, reasonable, free from flamboyance, and unobtrusively studded with appropriate literary quotations and allusions. It is, as is the spirit of the whole book, humanistic. "The Voice of the Desert" is not a book of science, nor yet of "inspiration"; it is far more than either, for it is a philosophical essay of which even Thoreau, whom Krutch quotes so often and so admiringly, could be proud.

Southwest Sage

"Tales of Old-Time Texas," by J. Frank Dobie *(Little, Brown. 336 pp. $5), is a collection of Lone Star State stories which combines some sound history with some outrageous folklore. Our reviewer, Stanley Walker, is a one-time New York editor who forsook the East for Lampasas, Texas.*

By Stanley Walker

IN HIS time, and it's been a long time now, J. Frank Dobie has been a cowman, a university teacher, an amateur naturalist, a raiser of Spanish goats, a mighty enough hunter and lecturer, and a political disputant allied with the so-called liberal branch of Texas democracy. He is the sort of man who can ride a horse all afternoon, cook himself a good dinner of beans and *cabrito*, and then go to bed to read Herodotus. His smile is wholly disarming. His talk is good—slow, unpedantic, informal. And he can listen, preferably around a campfire, until the owls grow drowsy.

The man mystifies some folks. They don't see how such an obvious individualist can have any truck with New Dealers. There are a few persons who downright dislike him, though there are not enough of these to pack a one-room Texas schoolhouse. He has needled a few rich vulgarians, who can become very furious indeed. At least one man objected to Mr. Dobie discussing economics in any fashion because he was not an "accredited expert." Others dismiss him merely as a spinner of tales, some of them too ridiculous for the attention of serious and well-heeled citizens.

The material in this latest book of Mr. Dobie's, a collection of old Texas tales (some of them soundly based in history and some culled from the most outrageous folklore), is precisely the sort of thing that has given Mr. Dobie his unique place in the picture of the Southwest. A few years ago, sometime after his return from a year of teaching in England, he said, in a semi-huff, that he would never again praise anything merely because it was Texan. Well, it is impossible to quarrel with that attitude. And yet Mr. Dobie is all Texan, and all his aberrations, such as reading poetry, can hardly disguise the fact. The present book, in which he retells many old stories and presents versions that he himself has encountered, is what most Texans would like to think of as the real Dobie—the open-faced, artless, charming, ever so slightly skeptical storyteller.

Here he tells old yarns about Texas weather, which is as unpredictable as a Texan's loquacity or reticence; he examines such matters as the woman's dream which saved the life of Josiah Wilbarger, who had been scalped by Indians and left for dead; he brings us up to date on some of his excursions into the field of buried treasure; he tells of the fabulous stores of honey found in Texas rock formations; he does a little debunking on Sam Bass, Texas's favorite hoodlum; he examines the evidence touchin' on and appertainin' to the Bowie knife; he recounts many creepy and often improbable tales of the Texas "panther." In short, it is the old, genuine blown-in-the-bottle Dobie, the Dobie who flourished before he met Henry Wallace and before he began picking holes in the works of Adam Smith.

There are many nuggets here that deserve attention. One of first-rate importance is the low-down on Pecos Bill, the Paul Bunyan of Texas. Somehow the idea has grown up that old-time Texans were reared on stories of Pecos Bill and that his prowess grew as he was discussed in the cow camps of long ago. Actually this is the purest malarkey. Pecos Bill sprang full-grown from the imagination of the late Edward S. (Tex) O'Reilly, and the first time any mention was ever made of Pecos Bill in print was in a magazine article by O'Reilly in 1923.

As a sort of apology in his introduction, Mr. Dobie says: "Now that I have gathered together these tales of my land and people they seem inadequate." What he means is that most of these old tales are better in their oral telling than in print—that they of necessity lose much of their flavor and their value when set down on paper. This is probably true, or partly true. But he has done an excellent, easy-riding job with a morass of scattered materials.

Texas already owes Mr. Dobie a great debt because he was the first articulate person to put across the idea that the life and literature of the Southwest was worth the study of intelligent persons. This new collection will increase that debt. The main debt, the overshadowing obligation, lies, of course, in the simple fact that Frank Dobie is Frank Dobie.

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A Vanishing World

"The Last Wilderness," by Murray Morgan *(Viking. 275 pp. $3.95), describes the abundant lore and colorful traditions of the State of Washington's Olympic Peninsula. Our reviewer, Luther Nichols, is book editor of* The San Francisco Examiner.

By Luther Nichols

THERE has been much artful lamenting lately, by communicators as different as Walt Disney and William Faulkner, about the vanishing of the American wilderness. Back in John Muir's day you could say, if you liked irony, that in the Northwest the wilderness was vanishing to make the paper on which the timber conservationists wrote their appeals. But that's no longer possible. Today the Government has set aside such huge areas as the Olympic National Park and the surrounding Olympic National Forest, where great trees and Indians, too, are preserved.

What the Government has done for the trees and the Indians Murray Morgan has now done for the no less colorful traditions of that area. Splattered by a 150-inch yearly rainfall on its western slopes and cloaked in 200-foot trees the peninsula has always been a haven for hardy free spirits, both individual and corporate, and Mr. Morgan takes full advantage of this fact. In this land of giants there have been men who stood almost as tall as the pines, in villainy as well as nobility. There was Billy Gohl, a man braggart who set many a robbed seaman's corpse floating on the sound, and who Morgan thinks may have been America's greatest mass murderer. He died in an insane asylum. And there was huge John Turnow, a "paranoid Tarzan" who lived deep in the woods and shot all comers to set off a tingling manhunt from 1911 to 1913.

Mr. Morgan writes of these and other desperadoes with relish. But he also tells of the solider citizens—notably of John Huelsdonk, a real-life Paul Bunyan who epitomized the strength (he could pack a kitchen stove two miles on his back) and the self-reliance of men of the Northwest. The bullwhackers, high climbers, sea captains, sawmill operators, farmers, sockeye salmon fisherman, IWW agitators, and all the other occupants of that country and of Morgan's pages—from the first explorations of the Portuguese to today's great logging and

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Rosa Bonheur's portrait of Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill Shooting Blue Glass Balls.

Rome Moves in a Day.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF BUFFALO BILL: According to Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright, the authors of **"Buffalo Bill and the Wild West"** (Oxford University Press, $6.95), some eight hundred books have been written about their hero, "all but a score of them dime novels." One biography, that by Richard J. Walsh, in 1928, can be called critical, but now for the first time urbanity, perspective, and skill in writing have brought forth a genuinely civilized book on Buffalo Bill. In covering the years when Buffalo Bill rode wild and reckless (and fought Indians, slaughtered buffaloes, carried the mail by pony express, and guided hunting expeditions as gaudy as Cleopatra's barge) the narrative is reckless of the pale cast of thought. As it ascends to the long and crescent period of showmanship it is sometimes ironic, often gay, and always bright and fascinating. When it comes to the denouement the prose is quiet and noble: Buffalo Bill, who had made and squandered millions and had dominated the imaginations of hundreds of millions of people on both sides of the Atlantic, is now old, broke, and done down by machine techniques and a machine-hearted mortgagee, but he is still making the gesture.

The stream of books about the Wild West still flows on. Only a few advance beyond the straightaway chronicle; many remain as tawdry and false to life as the tawdriest dime novel, to which Buffalo Bill gave his name. As interpretation, as narrative, and as a comprehensive book which brings together scores of characters, from Queen Victoria to Wild Bill Hickok, "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West" is a refreshing departure from standardized patterns. Its 263 pages of easy reading also reproduce at least that many pictures and posters, and when one finishes the book he feels inclined to agree with the authors that Buffalo Bill belongs in the company of Robin Hood, Don Quixote, D'Artagnan, Kit Carson, and Teddy Roosevelt.

—J. FRANK DOBIE.

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Bernard DeVoto

IT is a grievous week-end which removes from the scene two such men as Robert Sherwood and Bernard DeVoto. Mr. Sherwood, editor, playwright, and historian of the contemporary scene, had won renown on two continents; Mr. DeVoto, novelist, teacher, essayist, editor, and historian of the West, an incisive critic of literature, by his blazing championship of the causes which lay close to his heart, by the brilliance of his writing, and by the fearlessness of his attack upon what he regarded as the meretricious or the pretentious had become a potent force in hammering home to Americans not only the characteristics and achievements of their past but the problems of their present.

For two years, from 1936 to 1938, he was editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* coming to the magazine from a lectureship at Harvard where he kindled in the young minds which clustered about him a lasting interest in letters and in the nation. The man was a crusader, holding militantly and tenaciously to the things he believed in. The West was his passion—he was born in Ogden, Utah, "the child," as he put it, "of an apostate Catholic and an apostate Mormon," and though he was graduated from Harvard and spent a great part of his later years in the East it was the West that constantly tugged at him in his books and which won him his greatest laurels. He himself objected to being ticketed as a regional writer; nevertheless, it was "Across the Wide Missouri" which in 1948 won him a Pulitzer Prize, and it was the other volumes of the trilogy on which his most lasting fame is likely to rest.

When Mr. DeVoto moved on from *The Saturday Review of Literature* to the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine* he found a medium exactly suited to his talents. For here he had none of the editorial responsibilities which irked him, only free range for his interests. And his interests were manifold. He was a voracious reader of American literature and on the whole a catholic one. He regarded "Huckleberry Finn" as the greatest American novel and 'Walden" as the greatest work of nonfiction; he liked such disparate authors as Melville and Whitman, MacLeish and Dos Passos. Thomas Wolfe bothered him because of his lack of discipline and form. Psychological insights, the motivation of character, the friction of personality upon personality, all these profoundly engaged him. His strength was as an essayist and historian, but he yearned to be a novelist; indeed, he wrote several novels under his own name and others under the pseudonym of John August, which cloaked his identity as writer for the popular magazines that made the money permitting him to indulge in research and civic activities. In recent years Mr. DeVoto had become a vigorous campaigner for the preservation of the national forests, a cause in which he spent himself lavishly.

To those who knew him only superficially Mr. DeVoto's belligerence on occasion seemed unwarranted defiance of courtesy. He could be ruthless in speech; he could bristle at something he disapproved of; he could use his brilliant power of epithet to demolish an opponent. But underneath the crotchetiness, underneath the violence lay a heart of gold. He had a kind and tender nature and a warmth, inhibited by a shyness, which often took the form of truculence, but to his friends he was loyal always and by them beloved, admired, and respected. America can ill afford to lose such men. His memory will long be green among us. —A. L.

Robert E. Sherwood

THERE is no one who has known that protean genius Robert Emmet Sherwood who will not bitterly lament his death on the morning of the fourteenth of November. There are few men of letters of this country and this generation to whom we owe so much. He was a lean, tall man, six-feet-seven, who surveyed the foibles and the errors of mankind with a kindly and somewhat melancholy glance. It can be said that he was destined for success from the day he was born fifty-nine years ago. His father, Arthur Murray Sherwood, was an investment broker with a passion for the theatre, whose height prevented him from being an actor. His mother, Rosina Emmet, was a collateral descendant of that contentious Irish rebel and patriot Robert Emmet. Their son became a playwright who was one of the few American masters of high comedy. He was a stalwart defender of democracy, a man who hated war; but when Nazi Germany and later Communist Russia menaced peace he abandoned pacifism and attacked their masters bitterly and eloquently. He believed that democracy alone could save the world from destruction. In a speech at a National Book Award function he said, "Just as we have been sorely tried in this age we have been greatly tested. I think that the way in which the human race has met that test is sufficient proof of its durability." A year earlier, in 1950, in his inaugural address to the International Congress of PEN in Edinburgh his attacks on Stalin and Communism were met with shouts of protest. "For twenty years," he said, "we have been living and acting the most terrible drama of all time. Many more years will pass before the last act ends and we can go out of the theatre into the clean, fresh air of peace and brotherhood. That act will end and freedom will survive. Make no mistake about that!" In the First World War he left Harvard to join a Scotch-Canadian regiment after he had been rejected for our Army, the tallest twentieth-century soldier ever to wear kilts. He was gassed at Arras, wounded at Amiens, and spent months in a French hospital. He became a protagonist for peace, determined to fight for a warless world. In the Thirties this militant

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JOAN AND CLARK

THE REPUTATIONS of Joan Crawford and Clark Gable need little defending, even from the blasts of Arthur Knight's "The Hardy Perennials" [*SR* Oct. 29]. Their record, even Knight grudgingly concedes, is impressive. However, bespattering Miss Crawford does seem ungentlemanly. And the critic is at war with the facts when he attests, "All recent Crawford pictures have . . . the big scene in which Joan is denounced for her accumulated villainies." Since Mr. Knight alleges he's seen them "all" he will remember that "Sudden Fear" and "Female on the Beach" lack such scenes. It is Miss Crawford who does all the denouncing in both movies; she is the good one, sinned against and trespassed upon.

Then Knight baldly states: "Since 'The Tall Men' is Gable's first film away from M-G-M in over fifteen years his window-dressing is especially elaborate." Did not this happy event occur last year in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Soldier of Fortune"?

HERBERT FEINSTEIN.

Beverley Hills, Calif.

PRAISE FOR THE "HUMBLER POETS"

I HAVE JUST READ Leon Edel's review of Edward Wagenknecht's "Longfellow" [*SR* Nov. 5]. After making some quotes from the poet (which do not read too badly to the eye of the "vulgar who possibly only stand without") Mr. Edel goes on to say: "One blushes and wants to pass on." Why? It may be difficult for the *literati*, the intelligentsia, and the *cognoscenti* to find merit in the poetry of Longfellow, but to the many whose economic status made public school their only *alma mater* the poetry of Longfellow and the "humbler poets" is much better, more satisfying, and longer remembered than that of snootier sonneteers. And, by the bye, what could high-, middle-, or lowbrow make out of a piece of poesy on page fourteen and entitled "Moaning Dove," set free by Hugo F. Basch? Great Day in the Moaning!

DR. HILTON ADDISON WICK.

New Bethlehem, Pa.

ONE ARM OF THE BODY

IN VIRTUALLY every article in the section 'What Do We Say to the World?" [*SR* Sept. 17] there is either a direct statement or the implication that a large share of the blame for failures in the USIA program must be assumed by Congress, that Congress as a whole does not understand the necessity for an information program as opposed to a purely military one. At best this seems to me to be a vast oversimplification of the issues involved. Certainly Congress has criticized this program bitterly and at times carelessly. I do think, however, that especially in the Eighty-fourth Congress there has been an increasing awareness of the need for such a program. It would even seem to be true that Congress has gone beyond a purely informational approach and has attempted, in voting $5,000,000 last year and this for the President's Emergency Fund. and much larger sums for the Smith-Mundt Act and the Fulbright Act, to promote a better cultural understanding of the United States on the part of both our allies and other nations.

But we must never assume that even with a foreign policy of the first order USIA will be able to do the job single-handedly. The program of cultural interchange is a huge effort, and USIA by itself is merely one arm of the body.

FRANK THOMPSON JR., M. C.

Washington, D.C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I can see it now. Trolleys on every road in the country, jamming the rails week-ends, crowding the trolley barns . . ."

THE FIRST BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

IN BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT [*SR* Oct. 22] Henry Hewes, thinking probably of past pseudo-"Bourgeois Gentilhomme" productions, remarks that the Comédie-Française does not perform Molière exactly as he was performed in 1680. When it was first performed the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" appeared as a comédie-ballet, with the ballet part greatly emphasized, especially the "Ceremonie turque" of the fourth act and the famous "ballet des nations" of act five. Lully composed the music and, as a matter of fact, appeared himself as the splendid Muphti during the Turkish ceremony. Because of the obvious length of the many *intermèdes* cuts have been made in recent years, but the fact remains that the play *is* a comédie-ballet. One may gather from Mr. Hewes's article that the idea of introducing the ballet is an innovation. Nothing of the kind!

Incidentally, the play was first performed at Chambord, before Louis XIV, on October 14, 1670, not in 1680.

R. M. STEPHAN.

Columbia, S.C.

MARTIN EDEN AND JACK LONDON

OLD CROW'S RECENT ADVERTISEMENT in your magazine [*SR* Sept. 17] drew forth a number of responses to our request for historical information—including a surprising number of letters from readers who challenged our comment that Jack London visited one Martin Eden. These correspondents wrote to assure us that Eden never lived; that "Martin Eden" was simply a name London adopted to substitute for his own when he wrote an autobiographical novel under that title.

This misconception seems to be so widespread that we feel the facts should be revealed to the many who are unaware that Martin Eden, a Swedish immigrant woodcutter, was actually London's neighbor in Sonoma County, California, where he lived in a cabin adjoining the London ranch. A good friend of the author, he gave London his legal permission to use the name "Martin Eden" as the title of his book.

RICHARD P. KERR,
Old Crow Historical Bureau.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Buskinful of Gazzo

"**A Hatful of Rain**" is a mixture of suspense melodrama, documentary on dope addiction, and sentimental treatment of marital and parental problems. Yet it stimulates a marvelous cast into the most inventive, real acting to be found on Broadway. The play, written by actor Michael Gazzo, grew in Actors Studio, where actors' needs are put first. And that is the kind of play "A Hatful of Rain" is. Whatever works for the actors has been nurtured. Whatever doesn't has been trimmed to a minimum.

The story hangs on several dramatic devices: 1. A husband who is a junkie (dope addict) is threatened by his racketeering supplier. Either he digs up the money he owes for dope or he will be brutally beaten. 2. A father with two sons blames one for the sins of the other, his favorite. 3. A pregnant wife finds that her husband is becoming a stranger to her.

Perhaps these situations do not fit together exactly enough to make one unified play, but at any given moment you are liable to find yourself held by the lifelike doings in the Pope household. The dialogue, too, often seems extraneous to the plot as we see it at the moment. In the first act we have been given to assume that Johnny Pope's dope addiction is an accident stemming from his being treated with narcotics in a military hospital, where he had been recuperating after an act of heroism. Yet in answer to a remark in which Johnny's father complains about "the age of the vacuum," when "they" don't believe in anything, Johnny's wife answers, "When you find out who *they* are you don't need a psychiatrist any more." This would suggest that Johnny's trouble may have both psychological and sociological roots. While he seems deliberately to avoid explaining or even probing very deeply into the underlying causes, Mr. Gazzo does offer us a multitude of possibilities.

There is his "age of the vacuum," a time when almost everyone you know is either separated or divorced; a time when the guideposts of security are the possession of things; a time when jobs have been deprived of meaning, with employes working in utter dullness and the total security of pension plans, health plans, etc., or working in desperate competition with machines. Part of the picture, too, is the brutality that seems to be growing. The playwright seems to imply that giving in to the violent consequences of dope racketeering is no worse than accepting the British Government's cruelty to the Mau-Mau. So much for the times. Mr. Gazzo clearly indicates that he is against accepting this "age of the vacuum." He does this by ridicule, as when Johnny's brother has a glass of water thrown in his face and instead of getting mad placates himself by muttering "a sign of the times." And, more seriously, he has closed his play with Johnny's wife inveighing against the denial of human dignity inherent in blaming conditions beyond our control.

As for the psychological factors in Johnny's particular case, it is hinted that a motherless childhood with an irresponsible and insensitive father is at the root of Johnny's avoidance of life's responsibilities. Indeed, the title of the play refers to an incident in that childhood when Johnny, having been told that work makes money, goes out in the rain to dig in the front yard. He does this with a child's blind belief that work will automatically make money, but all he gets for his zeal is "a hatful of rain" and his father's derisive laughter. This betrayal by his father is reinforced when during the war a sergeant leaves him to die in a cave. During the action of the play he is subconsciously avoiding incipient fatherhood with dope, and one feels that if it hadn't been dope it would have been something else.

These crumbs for thought are left for the audience to gather and put together as they may. Mr. Gazzo's characters are only conscious of them vaguely, which is the way it is in life. Also—as in life—there are frequent stretches of ordinary talk with its cliches and formlessness. In this respect "A Hatful of Rain" is sometimes undistinguished and occasionally corny. It is the actors who bring their own specialness and vitality to this material. Ben Gazzara is not just any dope addict. No matter what the scene may be trying to tell us, Mr. Gazzara is obliviously playing Johnny Pope. For instance, when he lies to his father about not knowing where his brother's money went he does everything possible to deceive him, rather than dropping a hint to the audience which would indicate he is the guilty party. Perhaps his most chilling moment is when he tells his brother to go to a movie if he can't stand seeing him beaten up. Anthony Franciosa, Broadway's most promising actor of last season, comes into his own in the role of Johnny's brother, Polo. Mr. Franciosa makes an instant hit with an initial drunk-scene that he plays with the skilled humor of a music-hall comic. He is also hilarious when he turns his frustration in love into trivial anger against a can of soup he is opening, or when he mops up some spilt beer with the undershirt he is wearing. But all this is done within the truth of the character, so that his later serious scenes are completely credible. An equally great discovery is movie actress Shelley Winters, whose deeply real performance as the wife has both immense pathos and firm inner strength. When Miss Winters and Mr. Franciosa play their pathetic love scene in the second act they are two wonderful brokenhearted clowns.

The lesser roles are also beautifully played. Frank Silvera, though cast away from type as the callous father makes us believe in his shallowness Henry Silva performs the be-bopping but smoothly menacing dope-racketeer with superb economy and contagious relish. Paul Richards and Harry Guardino also manage to make his stooges individuals in their own right And Christine White as a rich young addict who is wearing nothing under her overcoat contributes deadpan sparkle to the highly comic third-act vignette of addicts on a spree.

Mordecai Gorelik has fashioned a set and glowing backdrop that perfectly synthesize the mood of the city And Frank Corsaro has directed this play with taste, enthusiasm, and daring. The result is something that can happen only when author, director and actors work in consideration of one another's needs over a long period of time. Together they have fashioned segments of accurately observed and honestly played life into a compelling theatrical experience.

* * *

"**The Vamp**" is the loudest, fastest and most boring musical comedy in some time. Written by John Latouch and Sam Locke, with music by James Mundy, directed by David Alexander and Robert Alton, this satire of the silent film era is notable only for its star, Carol Channing, who works like a percheron to keep the show alive Her frantic opening scene, where as Bronx hillbilly she runs about at the speed of the old nickelodeon films, is the only one that gives her a chance to use her solid talent. Her terror stricken quick looks with those marvelous big eyes reveal a development in her technique that promises well for her next musical comedy, which looks like it may be here sooner than she expected. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Teeth and Traps

A MYSTERIOUS relation between frustrated motherhood, a Nashua-like smile, and the ooze of flaccid hands over a piano keyboard can be the only explanation for the success of that mounted grin—Mr. Liberace. TV has seen to it that there are few mothers in America who have escaped this unctuous fellow and now, in his first starred cinema appearance (Warner Brothers' **"Sincerely Yours"**), Mr. Liberace is on hand to underbake a leading role. As so often happens, Hollywood assumes that its public views the play as subordinate to the players or, in the case of "Sincerely Yours," the dough as more important than the cake. For Mr. Liberace is no great shakes either as a pianist or an actor.

In "Sincerely Yours" our hero plays Anthony Warrin, a saintly pianist possessed of the ambition to step up into the *Paradiso* of Carnegie Hall. After a brilliant rendition of "Chopsticks" in Chicago the maestro flies to San Francisco, where a telegram awaits him: Carnegie is calling for his muse. Hastily rejecting an offer to be "King of the Avocado Festival" (too fattening) Warrin starts to brush up on his Tchaikovsky; but during a concert that night he suddenly finds that he cannot hear the appreciative murmur of his audience. But a hasty glance assures him that they are, as usual, all agog for a cheerful wink from the maestro, and for the first time the "For-I'm-a-jolly-good-fellow" smile is wiped from his face. Then—horrors!—he cannot hear the piano either. Like Beethoven before him, Warrin has gone deaf.

To act the part of a man going deaf while playing the piano requires a certain skill, and Mr. Liberace manages to bring this point home quite forcefully. Later, as the critics gather to hear him at Carnegie Hall—bingo—he is deaf again. The concert canceled, a kindly doctor tells him the only thing that will save his hearing is a dangerous operation. Warrin, a tear in his eye, rejects this. Nonplussed by the sudden realization of his own fallibility he needs to be convinced that fate has blundered. He takes up lip-reading and spies through binoculars from his Fifth Avenue penthouse on the conversations and affairs of the plebs, not to mention his own fiancée, as they wander through Central Park. He is able to perform a few noble deeds—freeing his fiancèe from her engagement is one. He decides to have the operation, and—nobody fooled us—it is a success. At last, his ambition achieved, Warrin ignites the various tastes of his audience in Carnegie Hall with the ever-handy Tchaikovsky followed by "Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame."

Given sufficient intoxication you could find this movie amusing. Certainly, William Demarest as Warrin's manager and Joanne Dru as his loyal and ever-loving secretary give performances which by comparison to the celestial Mr. Liberace in his sequinned dinner-jacket and tigerish smile are like planets in the void.

* * *

M-G-M's screen version of **"The Tender Trap"** allows another matinee idol, Frank Sinatra, to show again that in addition to possessing whatever it is that it takes he also has acting ability. Although the Max Schulman and Robert Paul Smith play did not last long on Broadway director Charles Walters has turned "The Tender Trap" into a satisfying motion picture. In CinemaScope and Eastman Color it treads smoothly if modestly, and throughout keeps a certain gaiety and charm. Frank Sinatra plays Charlie Reader, the wealthy New York bachelor whose eligibility is of such proportions as to keep his telephone and doorbell ringing continuously. David Wayne takes the part of Joe MacCall, an old college friend who vacations in Reader's elegant apartment after twelve years of marriage and life in the Middle West. A necklace of girls led by Celeste Holm hangs around Reader's neck and is the source of great emotional conflict for MacCall. Out of this entourage Debbie Reynolds has been chosen as the one for whom Sinatra shall fall, and her stilted performance comes near to turning "The Tender Trap" into just another B-Feature designed to "make the heart throb." No great heart-throb as far as we are concerned, Miss Reynolds would have been better left with nothing to do but sing a song. Despite her, however—and despite continual plugs for NBC—"The Tender Trap" is pleasant entertainment which Sinatra, Wayne, and Celeste Holm make worth seeing.

—KENNETH COYTE.

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TV AND RADIO

Popularity Is Persistent

READERS of this page know that the most brilliant and devastating analysis of the whole idea of ratings—the measurement of the size of radio and television audiences—has been made by Goodman Ace. (If they don't they can consult Mr. Ace's new work, "The Book of Little Knowledge," in which he has permitted Simon and Schuster to reprint some of his essays on this subject.) I mention this because in what follows I have to assume that the rating systems make some sense. I don't know for sure that they do, but neither I nor the managers of the broadcasting business have found any other way of estimating the number of their customers. The fact that the two best-known systems of measurement often turn up with totally different results must be taken as proof of their integrity—they do not conspire to favor anyone.

For the sake of simplicity I shall also use the word "popularity" in spite of the grave doubts expressed here a few weeks ago—doubt which comes close to turning into conviction—that size and popularity coincide. If you take the program now at the top in the Trendex and in the Nielsen ratings, "The $64,000 Question," you have as good an argument for the ratings as you can get: there can be no question as to the enormous attraction of this program, and in so far as it generates a lot of excitement you can say it is also popular.

It is only after you leave this single certainty that the consequences of statistical popularity become evident. The Trendex leaders in a recent survey were: Gleason's "Honeymooners," "I Love Lucy," "Your Hit Parade," "The Ed Sullivan Show," Groucho Marx, and Red Skelton; high in the list were Bob Hope on a comedy hour which uses several different stars in rotation, and Judy Garland in a one-shot ninety-minute show.

The first thing one notices is that all of the regular programs (except the first) have been popular for years. In spite of the oft-expressed fear that television will exhaust its men and materials rapidly, the programs hold on and they are very little changed from what they were, say, two years ago. Gleason's half-hour is all that's left of his long program, but it is essentially intact; even "The $64,000 Question" is a vast superstructure on an old foundation. Ed Sullivan varies his hour occasionally, but more than half of the time it is his solid variety routine. And so on.

This means that the public not only sticks to old favorites, it wants to have the same basic *types* of entertainment: quiz, domestic farce-comedy, vaudeville. A Nielsen survey of approximately the same time did add drama to the list—and when a play

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A MUSTER OF MALE CHILDREN

Cleo Hartley Mills of Portland, Indiana, lists the names of ten authors each of whom wrote a novel the title of which contains the word *son* in either singular, plural, or possessive form. The given names of these sons are scrambled in the right-hand column. You are asked to assign the correct sons to the correct novels, and then to name the novels. (Where "sons" appears in the plural, you need concern yourself only with the ranking son.) Five or fewer correct answers will be disappointing, from six to eight encouraging, nine or ten invigorating. Answers on page 32.

1. Sherwood Anderson	( ) Bazarov
2. Hall Caine	( ) Christopher
3. Thomas B. Costain	( ) Danny
4. Warwick Deeping	( ) James
5. Charles Dickens.	( ) Ludar
6. James T. Farrell	( ) Oscar
7. Dorothy Canfield Fisher	( ) Paul
8. D. H. Lawrence	( ) Paul
9. Josephine Pinckney	( ) Ralph
10. Ivan Turgenev	( ) Sam

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(For readers in the New York area.)

is produced with no highly-popular program in competition it will naturally get high ratings. The significant thing, however, is that if you take the first thirty programs you are likely to get half a dozen of each of the principal formulas. The audience is loyal to types of entertainment as well as to individual specimens.

It is also loyal to a certain level of appeal. All the top programs address themselves to people of the same emotional maturity and intellectual range. It happens that in the lists I have been using not one regular melodrama or mystery occurs— "Dragnet" may have made the grade since. So the only excitement comes from the big quiz show; the rest have an innocuous mildness, flavored by the occasional harshness of Gleason's approach or the lunacy of Lucille Ball, but ending in a vast pleasant nothingness.

PROGRAMS, program types, program levels—they all tend to perpetuate themselves. And, as they also propagate imitators, they constantly reduce the area of experimentation. This is the only serious charge to be made against them—the idea that Shakespeare or Noel Coward "ought" to rate higher than Red Skelton brings in totally irrelevant considerations, moral or political in nature. But the need for experimentation lies in the nature of our broadcasting system. It cannot fulfil its own commercial function—of bringing entertainment to all kinds of people—unless it breaks its own formulas at times. Without this we get in-breeding. With sufficient experiments we get cross-breeding and new varieties and sturdy hybrids.

The trouble we face is that a program becomes a piece of property, a vested interest. Networks buy programs and people; they put comedians under contract for thirty years. (The public can topple a comedian before his contract is one-tenth over —and can bring him back again, too.) The business gets hardening of the arteries and the programs suffer. Too much money is involved in programs nowadays to let them be light on their feet.

It is hardly fair to say that the broadcasters are breaking the law by their efforts to perpetuate a few programs at the peak of the ratings. But this, at least, can be said: if their programs are a vested interest they must see to it that there is no conflict with the other interest—the one imposed on them by law, the public interest. The two are not necessarily or always opposite, but when they are the public interest should override the property interest. At the moment I see little evidence that it does. —GILBERT SELDES.

THE "Golden Empire" QUIZ

The 8-state "Golden Empire" served by Southern Pacific (see map below) is one of the growingest areas in the U. S., with freight and passenger requirements that are good medicine for a railroad. The great West and Southwest are also a popular stimulant among writers. The following six quotations are from the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson, Jack London, Aldous Huxley, Sam Houston, Zane Grey, and John Steinbeck. Can you pin the right author to each quotation? Answers below.

1. ". . . Texas is the finest portion of the globe that has ever blessed my vision."

2. "But San Francisco is not only the most interesting city in the Union. . . . She keeps, besides, the doors to the Pacific, and is the port of entry to another world and an earlier epoch in man's history."

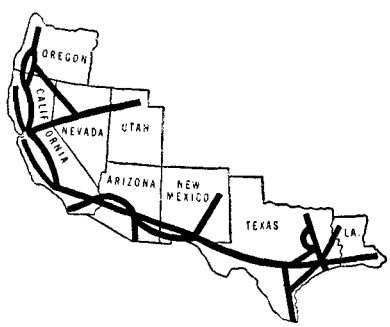
3. "Dark-green and gold, enormous orange orchards manoeuvred, each one a mile square regiment glittering in the sunlight. Far off, the mountains traced their uninterpretable graph of boom and slump.

" 'Tarzana,' said the chauffeur startlingly. . . ."

4. " 'It wasn't Indians that were important, nor adventures, nor even getting out here. It was westering and westering.' "

5. " 'I love Arizona best, her farm country, her woods, and especially her desert. It's a merciless spell the old desert has. Once it enters your insides you're a goner.' "

6. "To the East his eyes, leaping the miles between range and range and between many ranges, brought up at last against the white-peaked Sierras—the main crest, where the backbone of the Western world reared itself against the sky . . . And in all that mighty sweep of earth he saw no sign of man nor of the handiwork of man—save only the torn bosom of the hillside at his feet."



1. Houston, Letter to his cousin, John Houston. 2. Stevenson, "The Wrecker." 3. Huxley, "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan." 4. Steinbeck, "The Red Pony." 5. Grey, "Captives of the Desert." 6. London, "All Gold Canyon."

Southern Pacific

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

White Tie, Top Hat, and "Tales"

TO BEGIN an opera season with Offenbach, as Rudolf Bing did his sixth at the Metropolitan, bespeaks a certain civilized attitude toward the art and the occasion. For one thing, "Tales of Hoffmann"—which starts and ends in a wine cellar, with various thirst-quenching detours *en route*—is possibly the only opera in which the principal characters do more drinking than some members of the festive gathering. It has a sufficient complement of familiar tunes (the end of "Barcarolle" was greeted like a reprise of "Some Enchanted Evening") to make everyone present feel learned, however lightly, and it does not fight the mood of fine feathers making fine birds.

However, not every audience that will view the "Tales" is an opening one. In fact, one might say "fortunately" not every audience that will view the "Tales" is an opening one, for the production, handsomely dressed by Rolf Gerard, is tastefully lavish and discreetly elegant, the staging of Cyril Ritchard is so good that one almost forgets a very gifted theatrical mind has put it together, and Pierre Monteux waves a methodical baton over a cast with few flaws and some sparkling facets. All this deserved much more in audience reaction than it was awarded, but the 3,500 or so present enriched the Metropolitan's treasury by some $65,000, so one may say they had registered a profitable approval before the curtain was raised.

Considering the involutions of the libretto the busy Jules Barbier (he was also in on "Faust" and numerous other French classics) made of the ETA Hoffmann stories from which the work derives its name, it was a reasonable curiosity, in some quarters, why an English text wasn't provided in this instance as in some other recent Metropolitan ones. The readiest answer, it would seem, is that this would have thrown a linguistic block in the path of Martial Singher, who took on the four-part stint—Lindorf, Coppelius, Dappertutto, and Dr. Miracle—which challenged such great baritones as Maurice Renaud forty and more years ago, and performed brilliantly throughout. Singher, in the phrase, is an artist to his fingertips, and he has very long hands. Moreover, inexplicable as it may sound, he sang with more suavity and finesse than he did ten years ago in a similar venture decreed by Edward Johnson.

For the sake of euphony it was a happy circumstance that Singher was accompanied in each tableau—from first to last—by Richard Tucker, whose Hoffmann suggested, rather conclusively, that his destiny, really, is to be a French tenor in the heroic style. The range suits him, as does the fall of the vowels, all adding up to a heady, pointedly brilliant sound. There is no single high-spot for the tenor in "Hoffmann," but Tucker made every sustained passage a high spot, while cresting the ensembles with a ringing brightness all his own. Allowing for the fact that poets sit down a good deal—and Hoffmann was also a drinking man—Tucker's figure was not too much out of line, his actions not only diligent but sometimes believable. Also responsible for four parts was Alessio de Paolis, whose dramatic skill transcends a diminishing vocal resource.

From the dark-brown Luther's cellar (suggesting the hangovers appropriate to it) designed by Gerard, through the Directoire ballroom of the Doll Scene and the Venetian vista dominated by a suggestion of Santa Lucia in the background, to the more formal Munich interior of Act III, the production has the valiant intent of focusing attention on the various loves of Hoffmann—the doll Olympia, the courtesan Giulietta, the wistful Antonia. It would have been a more jubilant occasion had the female participants matched the standard of the male, but the unhappy fact is that they didn't. Roberta Peters, as Olympia, came the closest, with a charming visualization of her role, and a decidedly neat if small-scaled singing of the music. It was, however, always tasteful and in character. I would prefer a veil rather than a mirror for the performance of Rise Stevens as Giulietta, but the plain-spoken fact must be that she has neither the vocal nor the physical allure these days to function as an operatic *femme fatale*. The vocal effort is labored (though the music was obligingly lowered for her convenience), the physical gyrations uncomfortably suggestive of tension rather than amour. Bing may be paying off old scores in thus favoring her, but let's hope the new scores to come will put the romantic emphasis elsewhere than on Miss Stevens's too familiar shoulders. Lucine Amara's Antonia was more tentative than assured, but a reasonable investment, nevertheless, in a voice whose exciting possibilities registered even on this audience.

IN LESS prominent but no less vital respects the flow of the performance was highly creditable to the chorus directed by Kurt Adler, the appropriate choreography devised by Zachary Solov, and the many fine incidental efforts by Paul Franke, James McCracken, Norman Scott, Clifford Harvuot, and Sandra Warfield. The difficult role of Nicklausse—a kind of Kurvenal to Hoffmann, though assigned to a mezzo—was undertaken by Mildred Miller, performed with her intelligence and sensitivity. However, she did not quite resolve the paradox inherent in the role, which puts her among the majority of those charged with this responsibility.

Taking all factors together, there would seem little doubt that Rudolf Bing has added to the Metropolitan repertory a work of classic stature in its field, with a visual and dramatic pattern of much vitality, soundly directed by a qualified master of the genre, and generally well sung. Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" is decidedly a work that must be played to develop all its latent possibilities. That certainly it will be in the weeks to come.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Eternal South

By Joseph Joel Keith

HOW can the bird
once wholly heard
be gone? Hear now
from the empty bough
full summer's song—
it is still, it is long.
It is as clear
as the shut book here;
give it away,
the words will stay,
as sure as the note
no season wrote,
as close as time's
ascendant rhymes,
and as free as space
and the child's warm face
that is turned to the sky,
eyes searching far
as moon and star,
all space brought near.
Nor the listening ear
need ever hear
to know that words,
the volumes' birds,
are loveliest
when the book is pressed,
closed, to the breast.

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Robert E. Sherwood

Continued from page 24

liberal turned from pacifism and became an ardent advocate of war against the Axis. It is no secret that for some time he contributed many of FDR's more eloquent speeches, and that the President thought of him as his right-hand man.

Robert Sherwood was a precocious child. When he was eight years old he attempted to write an ending to Dickens's "Edwin Drood," a feat that has perplexed a host of maturer writers. Two years later he wrote his first play, a comedy; his second was written for Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club. In 1927 "The Road to Rome" entertained audiences for many months. In 1936 another comedy, "Idiot's Delight," brought Mr. Sherwood a Pulitzer Prize, the first of the long list of honors he was to receive during the rest of his life. In 1939 "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" took a second Pulitzer award; and a third came two years later for "There Shall Be No Night"; the fourth, a biography, was for his valuable contribution to top-level history of the war years, "Roosevelt and Hopkins." His screen play "The Best Years of Our Lives" brought him nine Oscars.

Like many famous men, Mr. Sherwood's career began in an inauspicious manner. The editor of the weekly *Life* hired him when he read his parody on the magazine. Soon he was dramatic critic for *Vanity Fair*, resigning when Dorothy Parker was discharged for an unfavorable criticism. He went back to *Life* and remained its editor for eight years. He wrote what is presumed to be the first motion-picture column in the country. For several years he lived in England and Hollywood, where he wrote and produced motion pictures, his own and those of others. His plays had made a great deal of money, and it is literally true that he gave away most of it; all of the royalties, for example, earned by "There Shall Be No Night" went to the Red Cross.

Courteous to everyone, he had a sharp tongue for isolationists. He wrote with complete absorption and astonishing rapidity, producing five plays in two years. He suffered from an excruciatingly painful malady, known as *tic doloureux*, though he continued to work through his attacks. During the years of uneasy peace and war he came to his full stature, a kindly man of impeccable honesty, courageous, eloquent in the cause of democracy, and a humorist with a touch of irony. It is often said after a man's death that "we shall not see his like again." It is true of Robert Sherwood.

—H. S.

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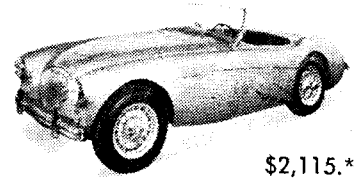

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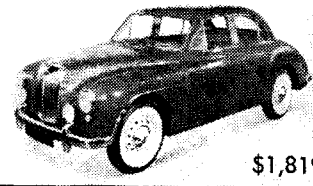

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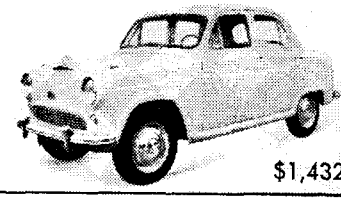

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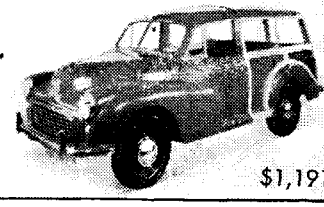

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Fiction

Continued from page 14

stance to the novel. In "Adam, Where Art Thou?" all the sufferings of Mr. Böll's characters, all their concerns and their dilemmas remain isolated episodes. But there can be little doubt but that one day Mr. Böll will write an extraordinary novel.

Notes

THE REVOLT OF ALTHEA SUTTON: Archly written, and archaic, **"Midpoint,"** by Isabella Holt (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75), is a study of the coming of age of Althea Sutton, born to privilege in a small, snobbish Midwestern town and reduced to a pseudo middle-classness by the 1929 crash. Her life further curtailed by the dominance of assorted relatives who uphold an outmoded code of morality, she becomes the staid scapegoat of her bohemian sister, Frankie, who manages to run off with the boy who had doted on sister Althea. After a properly brief interval Frankie runs off again—this time to the sinful wilderness of Greenwich Village and the arms of a Communist lover. But ex-brothers-in-law are taboo as prospective husbands in the Sutton set, so Althea waits out her girlhood, finally becoming sufficiently emancipated by her sister and Communist consort to marry the boy of her dreams. "Midpoint" is "East Lynne" in modern dress.

—DACHINE RAINER.

THE CURRENT CROP: "Is this a proposal or a proposition?" asks nubile Faith Gordon of Dr. John Powers, in **"Flight from Natchez"** (Doubleday, $3.75). The time is 1761, the locale a barkentine on the Mississippi. But the conversation in Frank G. Slaughter's latest is as up to date as your favorite comic strip. Powers, an unfrocked officer in the British Army, leads a band of Loyalists out of Natchez (threatened by the Spaniards) to safe haven in Georgia. Along the way he is bemused by two beautiful women, one of whom is encumbered by a husband. Not only does the doc keep both gals happy, but he also cures a smallpox epidemic with a do-it-yourself vaccine.

In **"First Train to Babylon"** (Harper, $3.50) Max Ehrlich explores the reactions of Martha Radcliffe, a suburban matron, who has reason to suspect that her gray-flanneled spouse made his pile by doing in a paymaster. Mrs. Radcliffe's suspicions are stirred by a letter delivered after a ten-year hiatus, and things get pretty melodramatic before Mr. Ehrlich clears them up with a very sneaky denouement.

The football pool—England's answer to the $64,000 Question—turns lucky for Philip Mason, a Brighton bookseller and dumps seventy-five thousand pounds into his threadbare lap. Philip's fortunes are detailed by Hugh Clevely in **"The Turning Point"** (Morrow, $3), a cheerful tale, punctuated by a couple of corpses and uncomplicated by contact with reality.

"The White Foxes of Gorfenletch" (Morrow, $3.50) is a rambling collection of semi-fictional pieces about hunting and shooting in the north of England, near the Scottish border. Henry Tegner's prose is not always inspired, but it savors pleasantly of tweedy pleasures.

"So Tiberius" (Putnam, $2.50), by Ethel Mannin, contains an unusual triangle consisting of a man, his ex-wife, and a cat named Lucia. Perhaps it is more of a parallel than a triangle, since Miss Mannin keeps tabs on both females at various stages of their careers, until each comes to an extremely disagreeable end. The author's catnippy pages, larded with heartache and catfood, are likely to appeal neither to mice nor men.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 4, 6, 9, 3, 2, 5 or 8, 8 or 5, 7, 1. The novels are: 1. "Windy McPherson's Son." 2. "The Prodigal Son." 3. "Son of a Hundred Kings." 4. "Sorrell and Son." 5. "Dombey and Son." 6. "Father and Son." 7. "Her Son's Wife." 8. "Sons and Lovers." 9. "My Son and Foe." 10. "Fathers and Sons."

—*Sam Angeloff.*

Murray Morgan—"passion, accuracy."

The American West

Continued from page 23

fishing industries—could hardly illustrate better the theory that men take on the character of the land they occupy. In this case the character is wild, rugged, and highly interesting, and the facts that Mr. Morgan was born in Tacoma, graduated from the University of Washington, and has long resided in the Evergreen State do not detract from the passion or accuracy with which he writes in "The Last Wilderness."

Notes

POLYGAMY AT THE SILVERLODE: In **"Papa Married a Mormon"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) John D. Fitzgerald writes of the early days in Utah. Papa had followed wild Uncle Will out to the mining camp of Silverlode in Mormon territory, but Uncle Will suspected (and rightly) that their dying mother had sent Papa to look after him. Will was glad to see Tom, helped him get started as proprietor of the *Silverlode Advocate*, and informed him that he wanted no brotherly interference or advice about his chosen profession as operator of a gambling hall. Papa stayed on these terms, fell in love with a Mormon girl, and married her. When the boom at Silverlode played out Papa, Mama, Uncle Will, and his consort, Queenie, all remained with the Mormon community of Adenville.

Mr. Fitzgerald has a number of stories to tell and points to make—all with a rather roseate glow around them. This is the story of Papa and Mama and their many children, and of growing up in a small town in Utah. This is the story of Papa's Catholicism and Mama's Mormonism and of how they respected each other's religion. This is the story of how Uncle Will after a wild and unruly—but well-intentioned—life, returned to the faith of his fathers. And this is also the story of the growth of the West as the roaring days of Silverlode became history and Adenville settled down to become an orderly, prosperous town.

Mr. Fitzgerald tells his pleasant story well, freely admitting that he takes a little license to show what life was like in those times, who the people were, and what they did.

—SETH AGNEW.

SHIRT-TAILS, STALLIONS, AND FOLKSONGS: The Texas Folklore Society is lucky to have a state with such rich and varied folklore. The four racial strata (Indian, Mexican, white, and Negro) and the variegated geography and

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natural resources (with many occupations) all contribute to it. From the twenty-five annual volumes so far issued by the society a fine representative selection is now published as **"Texas Folk and Folklore,"** edited by Mody C. Boatright, Wilson M. Hudson, Allen Maxwell (SMU Press, $5). It contains tales of Indian, Mexican, and Negro origin, children's stories and games, legends and ghost stories, ballads, songs and games, proverbs, superstitions, and curses, and finally the folklore of plants, animals, and oil.

The reader accustomed to sophisticated professional writing may find some selections flat and unpointed, as indeed some are; for the folklorist wants his material in its most natural form. (The tape-recorder has been a great help.) When a folklore theme has an intrinsic spark it lights up in a plain recital. The Mexican tale "Keeping the Shirt-Tail In," the legend of "The Deathless Pacing White Stallion" (related by J. Frank Dobie), and several of the Negro tales and jokes are especially memorable. The lore, as distinct from the tales, makes less interesting reading; but the whole collection at least reminds us that an authentic, indigenous folklore still exists in the Lone Star State.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

NOSTALGIA FOR THE COW COUNTRY: In **"Dog Days"** (Scribner's, $3.95) Ross Santee recalls his own boyhood in a little Iowa farm town of the 1890s. Mr. Santee has written several books before about the cow country, about his life there, about the people and horses and cows. With the same eye for detail, the same skill in limning character and episode, he fondly tells of the small-town kid, of his friends, his dogs, their pranks and antics, their sorrows and excitements.

Nothing much really happened to young Ross. He went to school and he went swimming; he played baseball and he went hunting; he knew some pretty nice people—including a real cowhand who wintered at the farm next door—and he knew some cranks and town characters. But Mr. Santee has a way of telling about "nothing much" that brings back the knowledge that to the young it can be exciting and adventuresome. He has a way of illustrating it, too, for the book contains a number of his black-and-white drawings of the kids and their friends and all the busy, uneventful happenings of the town.

As with most recollections, there is nostalgia here; but not much sentimentalizing. This is a book about the rites, rituals, and mysteries of boyhood. Customs and externals may have changed in the past sixty years, but it is both true and readable. —S. A.

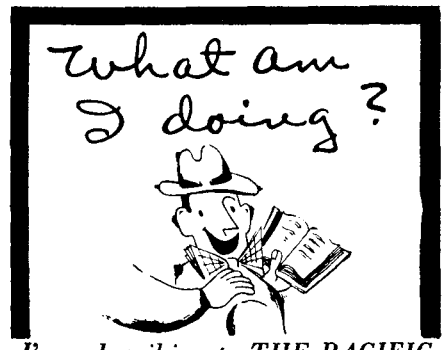
Fine Arts

Continued from page 19

ing to do with the representation of nature. He does not fight formalism with a rallying cry to the realists. Since what repels him in abstraction is its emotional sterility and isolation from human values he finds the antidote in "expressive content" (by which he means "an artist's human or spiritual commitments") and his "attachment to values outside art itself" (such as the values of religion or humanitarianism). "Expressive content" at its best he describes as a "vision of spiritual truth." With this concept in mind he offers an illuminating short history of painting from Giotto to the present with stress on the painters who stand out for "expressive content" which is fused with appropriate form. Rembrandt rises above them all, but in his company are Michaelangelo and Greco, Daumier and Orozco, "and in their great moments . . . Van Gogh, Rouault, Shahn, Levine, and Bloom." Many of these men we know to have been profoundly religious, and all to have been deeply moved by human suffering. All exemplify Mr. Rodman's conception of the artist as a man with the capacity "to feel within himself the most painful experiences of the human race and to personalize them in image and paint."

Mr. Rodman's choice of great names from the past would surely be acceptable to most art lovers, though many would have names to add. About the second group of those with flashes of greatness there would be more dispute. It is curious that neither list includes any painter who excels in landscape or still life; all are known best for their paintings of human beings. Is this a limitation in the author's sympathy or does he hold that only images from human life can communicate one's feeling for the human predicament? Admirers of Cézanne and Chardin will take issue with him here.

Mr. Rodman would be the first to agree that his position is not new. He stands with Longinus, who described greatness in a poem as "an echo of magnificence of mind"; with Matthew Arnold and his insistence on "high seriousness" and on art as a "criticism of life." In fact, the writers who have anticipated this point of view are so many and of such weight that perhaps the most remarkable thing about this book is that it needs to be written. Is Mr. Rodman not right that there is in fact the need for an upsurge of life in the present Waste Land of painting?



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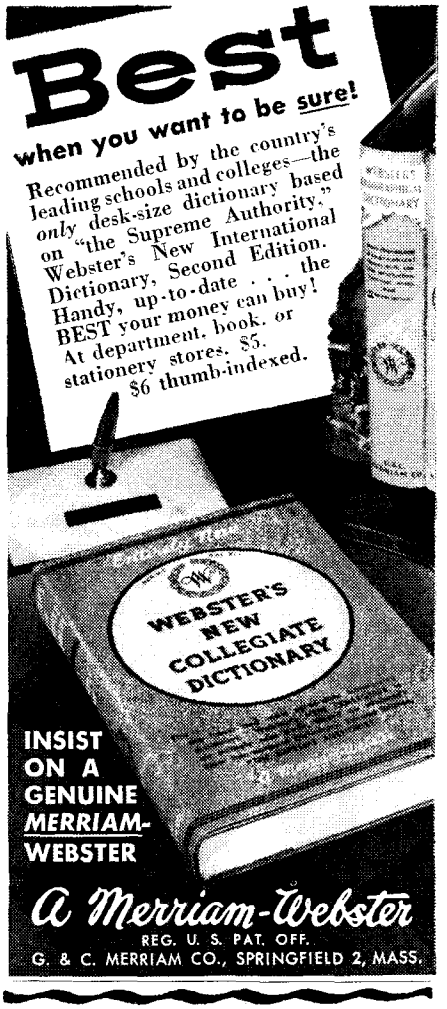
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The Planets Are Not Enough

Continued from page 12

of our bodies is replaced by new material. When we have discovered the details of this physiological process it may be possible to extend the life-span indefinitely. Whether a crew of immortals, however psychologically adjusted, could tolerate one another for several centuries in rather cramped quarters is another question.

Perhaps a better answer is that suggested by the story of Rip Van Winkle. Suspended animation (or, more accurately, a drastic slowing down of the body's metabolism) for periods of a few hours is now, of course, a medical commonplace. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that, with the aid of low temperatures and drugs, men may be able to hibernate for virtually unlimited periods. We can picture an automatic ship with its oblivious crew making the long journey across the interstellar night until, when a new sun was looming up, the signal was sent out to trigger the mechanisms which would revive the sleepers. When their survey was completed they would head back to Earth and slumber again until the time came to awake once more, and to greet a world which would regard them as survivors from the distant past.

The third solution was, to the best of my knowledge, suggested for the first time some thirty years ago by Professor J. D. Bernal in a long out-of-print essay, "The World, the Flesh and the Devil," which must rank as one of the outstanding feats of scientific imagination in literature. Bernal imagined entire societies launched across space in gigantic arks which would be closed, ecologically balanced systems. They would, in fact, be miniature planets, upon which generations of men would live and die so that one day their remote descendants would return to Earth with the record of their celestial Odyssey. The engineering, biological, and sociological problems involved in such an enterprise would be of fascinating complexity. The artificial planets (at least several miles in diameter) would have to be completely self-contained and self-supporting, and no material of any kind could be wasted. Commenting on the implications of such closed systems *Time* magazine's science-editor Jonathan Leonard once hinted that cannibalism would be compulsory among interstellar travelers. This would be a matter of definition; we crew members of the 2,000,000,000 man spaceship Earth do not consider ourselves cannibals, despite the fact that every one of us must have absorbed atoms which once formed part of Caesar and Socrates, Shakespeare and Solomon.

One cannot help feeling that the interstellar ark on its 1,000-year voyage would be a cumbersome way of solving the problem, even if all the social and psychological difficulties could be overcome. (Would the fiftieth generation still share the aspirations of their Pilgrim Fathers who set out from Earth so long ago?) There are, however, more sophisticated ways of getting men to the stars than the crude, brute-force methods outlined above. After the hard-headed engineering of the last few paragraphs what follows may appear to verge upon fantasy. It involves, in the most fundamental sense of the word, the storage of human beings. A few months ago, in an Australian laboratory, I was watching what appeared to be perfectly normal spermatozoa wriggling across a microscopic field. They *were* perfectly normal, but their *history* was not. For three years they had been immobile in a deep freeze, and there seemed little doubt that they could be kept fertile for centuries by the same technique. What was still more surprising: there had been enough successes with the far larger and more delicate ova to indicate that they too might survive the same treatment. If this proves to be the case reproduction will eventually become independent of time.

The social implications of this make anything in "Brave New World" seem like child's play, but I am not concerned here with the interesting results which might have been obtained by, for example, uniting the genes of Cleopatra and Newton. The cumbersome interstellar ark, with its generations of travelers doomed to spend their entire lives in empty space, was merely a device to carry germ cells, knowledge, and culture from one sun to another. How much more efficient to send only the cells, to fertilize them automatically some twenty years before the voyage was due to end, to carry the embryos through to birth by techniques already foreshadowed in today's biology labs, and to bring up the babies under the tutelage of cybernetic nurses who would teach them their inheritance and their destiny when they were capable of understanding it.

These children, knowing no parents or indeed anyone of a different age from themselves, would grow up in the strange artificial world of their speeding ship, reaching maturity in

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time to explore the planets ahead of them—perhaps to be the ambassadors of humanity among alien races, or perhaps to find, too late, that there was no home for them here. If their mission succeeded it would be their duty (or that of their descendants if the first generation could not complete the task) to see that the knowledge they had gained was some day carried back to Earth.

Would any society be morally justified in planning so onerous and uncertain a future for its unborn—indeed unconceived—children? That is a question to which different ages may reply in different ways. What to one era seems a cold-blooded sacrifice might to another appear a great and glorious adventure.

So far we have assumed that all interstellar voyages must of necessity last for many hundreds or even thousands of years. The nearest star is more than four light-years away; the Galaxy itself—the island universe of which our sun is one insignificant member—is hundreds of thousands of light-years across; and the distances *between* the Galaxies are of the order of 1,000,000 light-years. The speed of light appears to be a fundamental limit to velocity; in this sense it is quite different from the now outmoded "sound barrier," which is merely an attribute of the particular gases which happen to constitute our atmosphere. Even if we could reach the speed of light, therefore, interstellar journeys would still require many years of travel, and only in the case of the very nearest stars would it appear possible for a voyager to make the round trip in a single lifetime, without resort to such techniques as suspended animation. However, as we shall see, the actual situation is a good deal more complex than this.

First of all, is it even theoretically possible to build spaceships capable of approaching the speed of light? (That is, 186,000 miles a second or 670,000,000 mph.) The problem is that of finding a sufficient source of energy and applying it. Einstein's famous equation $E = mc^2$ gives an answer—on paper—which a few centuries of technology may be able to realize in terms of engineering. If we can achieve the *total* annihilation of matter—not the conversion of a mere fraction of a per cent of it into energy—we can approach as nearly to the speed of light as we please. We can never reach it, but a journey at 99.9 per cent the speed of light would, after all, take very little longer than one at exactly the speed of light, so the difference would hardly seem of practical importance.

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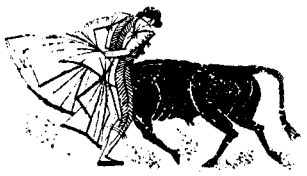

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still as much a dream as atomic energy itself was twenty years ago. However, the recent discovery of the anti-proton may be the first step on the road to its realization. Traveling at speeds approaching that of light, however, involves us at once in one of the most baffling paradoxes which spring from the Theory of Relativity —the so-called "Time Dilation Effect." Time itself is a variable quantity; the rate at which it flows depends upon the speed of the observer. The difference is infinitesimal at the velocities of everyday life, and even at the velocities of normal astronomical bodies. It is all-important as we approach to within a few per cent of the speed of light. To put it crudely, the faster one travels the more slowly time will pass. At the speed of light time ceases to exist; the moment "Now" lasts forever.

Let us take an extreme example to show what this implies. If a spaceship left Earth for Proxima Centauri at the speed of light and came back at once at the same velocity it would have been gone for some eight and one-half years according to all the clocks and calendars of Earth. *But the people in the ship, and all their clocks, would have recorded no elapsed time.* At a physically attainable speed, say 95 per cent of the velocity of light, the inhabitants of the ship would think that the round trip had lasted about three years. At 99 per cent it would have seemed little more than a year to them. In each case, however, they would return more than eight years—Earth time—after they had departed.

It should be emphasized that this effect, incredible though it appears to be, is one of the natural consequences of Einstein's theory. The equation connecting mass and energy once appeared to be equally fantastic and remote from any practical application. But anything which does not violate natural laws must be considered a possibility—and the events of the last few decades have shown clearly enough that things which are possible will always be achieved if the incentive is sufficiently great.

Whether the incentive will be sufficient here is a question which only the future can answer. The men of 500 or 1,000 years from now will have motivations very different from ours, but if they are men at all they will still burn with that restless curiosity which has driven us over this world and which is about to take us into space. Sooner or later we will come to the edge of the Solar System and will be looking out across the ultimate abyss. We may pause there for centuries, gathering our strength. Then we will reach out for the stars.

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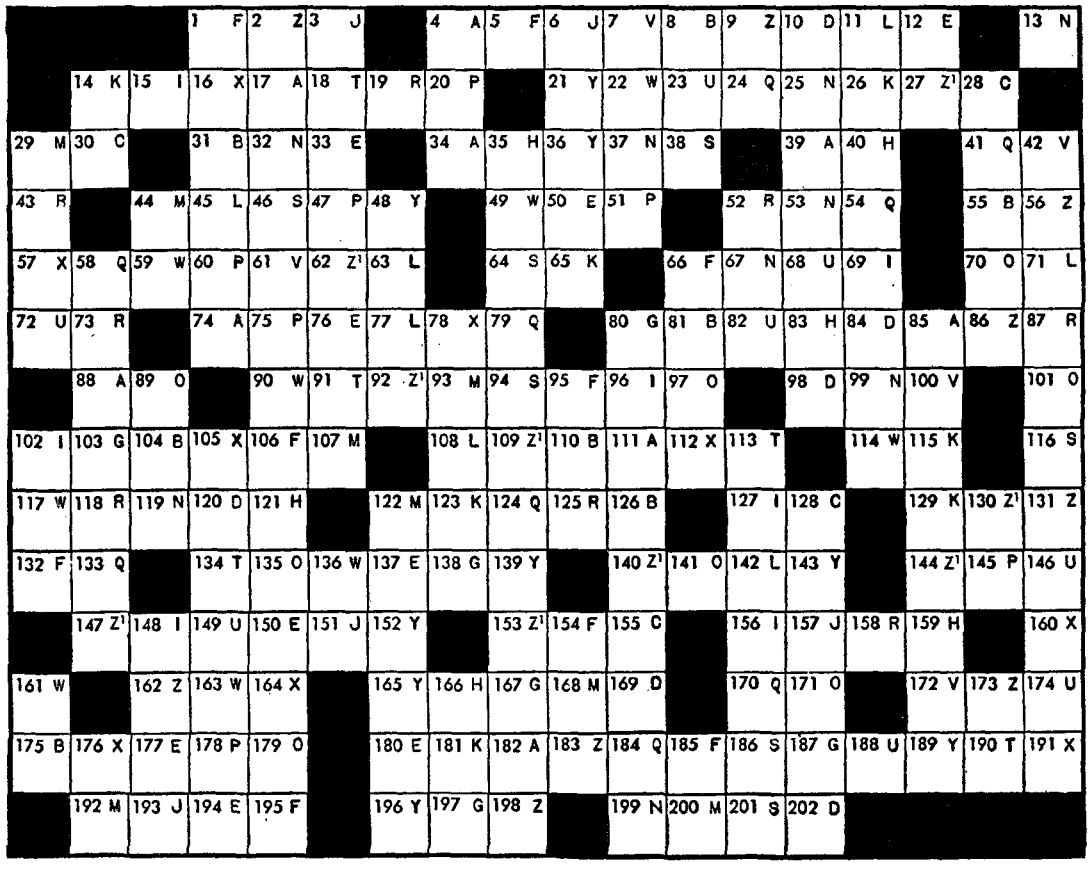
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One conversant with all languages.	74 182 85 4 39 34 17 88 111
B. The ridgepole; dwelling place.	126 81 104 55 31 110 8 175
C. County in New Mexico; site of Carlsbad Caverns.	128 28 155 30
D. Propped, usually followed by "up."	98 169 10 84 120 202
E. Proverbial limit for working one's fingers (3 wds.).	194 150 180 137 33 177 76 50 12
F. A furious attack.	195 154 185 132 1 95 106 5 66
G. Closer.	167 187 80 197 138 103
H. What Lochinvar might have preferred to have done with the Esk.	40 166 35 159 83 121
I. Greek combining form, used at ends of words, meaning "fish."	15 148 102 96 156 127 69
J. Script with heavy strokes nearly upright.	151 157 193 3 6
K. To make pretentious display (2 wds.).	129 181 123 14 26 115 65
L. For the purpose of establishing validity (2 wds.).	142 45 77 11 71 108 63
M. Smallest size of flowerpot, for starting seedlings (2 wds.).	168 107 192 93 29 122 200 44
N. Nautical knot also used in pillow lace-making, as a loop to tighten thread on the bobbins (2 wds.).	32 99 199 25 53 13 119 37 67
O. Scare.	135 171 89 179 141 70 97 101
P. English naturalist (1713-81), who believed in spontaneous generation; town near Boston.	145 75 178 51 60 47 20
Q. The clear perception of facts which the Bible says night showeth unto night.	184 58 170 124 133 54 24 41 79
R. In naval gunnery, what a salvo does if some shots are short of the target, some over it.	118 52 87 19 73 43 158 125
S. Channeled.	186 201 94 64 116 38 46
T. Fireplace.	18 190 134 91 113
U. By word of mouth (2 wds.).	174 68 82 23 188 72 149 146
V. Mocking discrepancy between promise and fulfillment; saying one thing and meaning another.	61 7 42 172 100
W. Northernmost point of Europe (2 wds.).	161 114 22 136 163 59 49 90 117
X. With "de Poitiers," the Duke of Aquitania who was earliest known Provençal troubadour.	191 112 160 78 16 57 105 176 164
Y. Extravagantly impassioned speech.	152 189 196 143 48 139 36 165 21
Z. Debussy's "Faun" had a gay one.	131 9 162 198 56 183 86 173 2
Z¹. Tokyo's red-light district.	92 144 62 130 109 140 147 27 153

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue.

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This is because, being an Executive, he knows how to Delegate, or "get out of" Doing Work. He has discovered that all he needs to do is to tell an experienced bookseller the names of the people on his list and a little bit about what kind of people they are. And that's *all* he has to do. Then, out to those people will go beautifully packaged, highly personal gifts—each one subtly flattering the intelligence of the givee, each one hitting the bull's eye of his keenest interest, whether that interest is playing polo, sex, old coins, the goings on among bearded and even unbearded historical characters, gardening, or golf.

Our Executive in the bathtub is not only a clean Executive, but a happy one, because, as we've said, he's discovered how easy it is, once he's found an experienced bookseller who knows all about the recent books which are candidates for gift selection.

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Now it is possible that you yourself are just as clean and happy as our man. You may have come to the same intelligent conclusion about giving books for Christmas and be just as eager to have someone else do the work. All you lack is the bookseller who'll do it. In this case, simply take a casual gander at the list on the following page. All these bookstores are members of the American Booksellers Association and get happy glints in their eyes at the idea of selecting books for gifts.

And to get you in the spirit of the whole thing, you will find another list, way over there on the right hand side, and continuing to the next page. You will see at a glance, unless you are bad at glancing, that it contains a batch of highly specific gift suggestions that belong at the bedside, beside the armchair, or in the library of highly specific people you know.

But possibly you are the sort of Executive who is arm-weary, what with picking up the phone and lifting martinis at lunch and all that. In that case let that glance rove to the coupon in the lower left hand corner of the following page. Then have your secretary follow its simple instructions. She probably knows the tastes and likings of the people you are remembering better than you do, anyway. She'll think of ones you've forgotten, besides. You will now not have another thing to do and can call your broker or look at television in peace. No—there will be one more thing—to sit back and gracefully receive the delighted thanks and compliments of your friends, relatives, and business acquaintances for your thoughtfulness, generosity, and cleverness. Happy, happy Executive! Merry, merry Christmas!

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SECTION
NOVEMBER 26, 1955

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NATHAN MILSTEIN AND THE "SIX Bs"

A contemporary portrait of Milstein.

y IRVING KOLODIN

ALONG with Capitol's recent ascendance to a place among the record royalty (symbolized by s wealthy marriage to the English MI combine) has gone a correspondg ascension in the general esteem r violinist Nathan Milstein. Or perps it would be more accurate to say at Milstein's forward surge, in rent years, has provided an impulse at Capitol has not derived from any her single artist on its list. After all, e qualities that mark that surge ere already evident in a recording the Tchaikovsky Concerto which he ade with Charles Munch and the oston Symphony Orchestra when he as still under contract to RCA Vicr (LM-1760).

Whichever way it is phrased, there no question that Milstein is today e of the world's premier artists on s instrument, and Capitol's got him. ustomarily the measure of an inrpreter's art—whether he is violint, pianist, or conductor—is his ease address to the three Bs. With vionists it is well to extend that groupg to a fourth B, for where would ey be with only Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, lacking Bruch? With this particular violinist, the Bs are sixfold, for in addition to playing Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Bruch superlatively well, he has also been playing most other things Better and Better.

The spark for this expression was provided by the appearance lately of Milstein's version of the Beethoven Concerto (Capitol P-8313). If this is not the greatest version of the Beethoven I have heard—and virtually nothing, today, can be tabbed with such a superlative—it is certainly one of the great ones. In excellence of execution, maturity of thought, and warmth of sentiment it takes rank with such phonographic landmarks as those of Kreisler, Szigeti, Heifetz, Hubermann, Francescatti, and Oistrakh, and the well-remembered if unrecorded ones of Adolf Busch and Erica Morini. Also, it is more than moderately hi-fi.

Were this but an isolated phenomenon it would be an occasion for guarded enthusiasm, tending to fuller measure at some future time. But the certain fact is that this Beethoven, so soundly, sympathetically played, is another link in a chain which binds together authoritative playings by Milstein of the Brahms (Capitol P-8271), the Mendelssohn and Bruch G minor (P-8243), and the Prokofiev D major and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" (Capitol P-8303). For the sake of professional justice, as well as future amity, it should be mentioned at once that Capitol has shown superior appreciation of temperamental niceties by pairing Milstein (in all but the Prokofiev-Lalo) with William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony. The understanding they share is as much a part of the end-result as the violinist's command of his instrument or the conductor's *rapport* with the excellent organization he inherited from Fritz Reiner. Also, someone has breathed heavily on the microphones used in Pittsburgh's Syria Mosque, made them more receptive to great musicmaking than the same appliances generally are in other Capitol usages.

IN ORDINARY circumstances this appreciation of the excellent recent work of Milstein might end here with nothing more than a pious hope that it may continue. However, as that hope is already a conviction, the circumstances involved are worth ex-

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Illustrated Italian and English libretto
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Piano

EMIL GILELS: RACHMANINOFF CONCERTO NO. 3
The great Russian pianist in his 3rd magnificent Angel recording.
Conductor: Cluytens Paris Conservatoire Orchestra
One 12″ record Angel 35230

Previously released: Saint-Saëns Concerto No. 2 coupled with Mozart Piano Sonata No. 16 in B-flat (35132); Beethoven Concerto No. 3 (35131); recorded in Paris.

GEZA ANDA PLAYS SCHUMANN
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Another brilliant recording by the Hungarian piano virtuoso now on his 1st news-making American tour.
One 12″ record Angel 35247

Released last month: Geza Anda plays Liszt: Piano Concerto No. 1 in E flat and Hungarian Fantasia (35268).

Violin

JOHANNA MARTZY PLAYS BACH
SONATAS AND PARTITAS FOR VIOLIN SOLO
Album 1: Sonata in G Minor, Partita in B minor
One 12″ record Angel 35280

Note: First of three Bach records. Martzy has also recorded for Angel the Brahms Violin Concerto with the Philharmonia, Kletzki conducting (35137).

Orchestral

CLUYTENS CONDUCTS CÉSAR FRANCK:
REDEMPTION • LE CHASSEUR MAUDIT • PSYCHÉ
Conductor. André Cluytens
Paris Conservatoire Orchestra
One 12″ record Angel 35232

KHATCHATURIAN CONDUCTS KHATCHATURIAN:
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Conductor: Aram Khatchaturian
Philharmonia Orchestra. *Recorded in London*
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Oratorio

"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"
by CARDINAL NEWMAN set to music by ELGAR
Huddersfield Choral Society
Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra
Soloists: Richard Lewis, Marjorie Thomas, John Cameron
Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent
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Illustrated Booklet with Poem

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Chamber Music

QUARTETTO ITALIANO PLAYS
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One 12″ record Angel 35296

Quartetto Italiano records previously released: Beethoven, Quartet in B-flat, No. 13, Op. 130 (35064); two Boccherini Quartets (35062); Debussy Quartet in G Minor and Milhaud Quartet No. 12 (35130); Haydn Quartet in F major, Op. 3, No. 5 and Quartet in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2 (35185); Brahms, Quartet No. 3 in B flat, Op. 67 (35184); Mozart Quartet in G major; K.387 (35063).

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One 10″ record Angel Black Label Jazz Series 60011

Previously released: Le Jazz Hot: Django Reinhardt et QHCF (Quintette of the Hot Club of France). "Selections by the famous French guitarist. Collectors will want this one." *Chicago Sun Times*

"One of the finest LP collections of the late gypsy guitarist's work." *New York Times* (60003)

Angel Records

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ploration. After all, Milstein's New York debut dates to more than twenty-five years ago (January 23, 1930), and he has been gainfully employed in our concert halls and recording studios since. He was an important violinist when I, as a student, heard that debut. What has happened to change that *status quo*?

It would be, simply, the shift of emphasis from an important violinist to an important artist. And, from being gainfully employed to his own advantage, the reversal of focus in which he is gainfully employed to the audience's advantage. The words are very little changed, but it took all of a couple of decades for Milstein to make them lastingly appropriate to him.

To his childish eyes Milstein was already "important," in 1914, when he was nine-and-a-half years old and a student in Odessa of the same professor Stoliarski who developed David Oistrakh. (They were, in fact, contemporaries, friends, and of almost identical age.) Glazounow was to be honored with an outdoor concert of his works when the pianist scheduled to play a piano concerto by him (and with him) fell ill. "There was nobody in Odessa who played Glazunow piano concerto," said Milstein recently. "In fact, very few who played Glazounow violin concerto. But as a boy I was curious . . . I played everything. So when my teacher asked who knew Glazounow violin concerto I said 'I did.' I knew the notes . . . which, then, was all I thought necessary." After some intensive coaching Milstein appeared with the visiting celebrity and apparently did not do too badly, for when he later went to St. Petersburg for study with the great Leopold Auer Milstein was eventually chosen to appear in an anniversary concert with Glazounow. Again (1923) he played the violin concerto, sharing the program with Vladimir Horowitz, who was soloist in Rachmaninoff's second concerto.

The young Milstein, with Alexander Glazounow, after a St. Petersburg concert (1923).

Milstein, flanked by Horowitz and Piatigorsky, *en route* to Europe on the *Rex*, with Arturo Toscanini and Bernardino Molinari (1933).

Milstein's studies with Auer began early in World War I, when the "class" included not only Heifetz but Cecilia Hansen, Myron Poliakin (prominent in the Twenties), and other rising stars. At first, he says, he was so overcome with awe he feared the great man's presence. Then, somewhat later, he discovered that the venerable professor liked him. Why? "Because I came regularly every Wednesday and Saturday, never missing a lesson. Many of the others you would see once in ten lessons . . . they were sick, or tired, or something."

From Auer, Milstein learned to appreciate what he considers the most difficult mechanical problem in playing the Beethoven Concerto well—intonation. "It's full of half steps, this way, that way (mostly chromatic), and if the fingers don't go just right you are always a little —which is a lot!—off." Auer, it appeared, would stand beside him when he played, and each time he missed the pitch would poke a hard forefinger into the pupil's right temple. "Even today when somebody accidentally touches my forehead," he says, "or I do it myself, I get headache. And it reminds me of Auer."

Milstein's exit from Russia, *sans* money, instrument, or reputation, brought him to Paris in the mid-Twenties. Somebody staked him to a violin and he began to build a new career. Here, too, he resumed the acquaintance with Horowitz which had been fostered on their Russian tours, and with Gregor Piatigorsky, the cello master who rose to be first cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic before he joined Horowitz and Milstein in America.

It is Milstein's recollection, when asked why his first appearances in America prospered only moderately, that he got off to a bad start, inasmuch as his appearances were not covered by leading critics. Perhaps that was true of the recital which followed his New York debut with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Bernardino Molinari conducting. But present to hear him in the Brahms Concerto on January 23, 1930, as he had been for the debut for every notable violinist to visit America since Fritz Kreisler appeared in boots at the age of thirteen, was W. J. Henderson of *The New York Sun*. After mentioning some pertinent facts about Milstein's background Henderson said the newcomer made "a very favorable impression . . . a style ranging from suavity to a bold and confident bravura were the salient traits of his playing."

Then, noting that it was not an outstanding performance but a good one, Henderson went on to say prophetically, the "outstanding performance" might come "when his intellectual mastery is enlarged with years and study." Milstein was, after all, only twenty-five at the time. Moreover, it was a time in which the concert halls were thronged with a Kreisler, a Thibaud, a Huberman, a Heifetz, a Szigeti new to this country and a Menuhin new to the world. To be rated "good" by those standards meant more, perhaps, than to be rated "great" by some standards of today.

Milstein inferentially gave an insight into what challenges presented themselves to him in speaking lately of Emil Gilels. "A fine pianist," he agreed. But, "It is not good always to be 'the best.' The Russians who came to the Olympic games confessed they were at a disadvantage because they

(*Continued on page* 68)

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The Rachmaninoff Legacy-II / By ABRAM CHASINS

THE appearance of Sergei Rachmaninoff's major works for orchestra and piano in the reissue of the composer's own performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra led by Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy (RCA Victor LM-6123) started a chain of thought partly elucidated in a preceding article [*SR* Oct. 29]. Further ramifications, as they involve the composer-pianist's performance in detail and those of the principal contemporary interpretations on discs, follow.

To begin with, there is the music. Rachmaninoff's first concerto was written in his eighteenth year. Although its youthful foundations are somewhat overweighted by the superstructure of later revisions, its content already shows the thematic breadth and dramatic contrasts essential to large designs. The Second Concerto, a full-blown masterpiece, served as a source of inspiration for the Third Concerto, of such difficulty and dimension that its creator said, "I composed it for elephants"—elephants, one assumes, with the mobility of whippets and the grace of gazelles. Annotators have found it easy to find enough similarities in the Third Concerto to call it a complicated rewrite of the Second. It is less easy to find annotators who have discovered the vital ways in which the differences outweigh the resemblances.

The Fourth Concerto is something else again: here the creativeness and coherence of its two inspired predecessors are replaced by weary echoes and fragmentary construction. The "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini," on the other hand, is a resourcefully organized and elegant piece, containing strokes of genius and many beautiful variations wrought by a composer who understood the real nature of his theme.

If we follow these recordings with the scores, it will strengthen our realization that from an interpretative viewpoint a score is but a set of general directions; that even metronome marks are variables, no less subject to fine adjustment than loose designations such as *Andante* and *Moderato* or dynamic indications such as *mf* or *mp*. Each problem of tempo, balance, and nuance provides artists of the skill of Rachmaninoff and his associates an infinite number of solutions and possibilities.

Confronted with documents, not discs, it seems finicky to linger on any but their sublimest aspects. Yet it must be said that Rachmaninoff himself did not completely subscribe to every note in these recordings. To forestall a mass suicide among the devotees who read this, it must be remembered that Rachmaninoff's standards were merciless and incorruptible to the very end. He was contemptuous of uncritical worship.

The descents from Olympus were, however, rare. Here they occur mainly in the first movement of the Second Concerto, where one observes uncharacteristic sentimentalities and surprisingly frequent cessation of motion. It is only fair to recall that this performance was Rachmaninoff's first recording in the large forms, made on old 78s. The departures from his usual classic proportions may in part be due to a desire to ease the shock of rude interruption by shading off in volume or tempo, or both, toward the end of each record-side. Also in this movement, as in some of the headiest complexities of the Third Concerto and "Rhapsody," his control and ease fall short of the pianistic perfection attained from beginning to end in both the First and Fourth Concertos. Beyond that, Rachmaninoff's blend of power and refinement, of lucidity and reckless daring, of stability and spontaneity, remain beacon lights.

It is paradoxical that, in compositions of such intense personal lyricism, Rachmaninoff is the pianist who demonstrates most forcibly that objectivity and straightforwardness are the direct routes to the most eloquent projection of his music. Perhaps the best example is the simplicity in his statement of the famed lyric theme of the Second Concerto, ordinarily the most agonized-over tune in the whole concerto literature. His "orchestrated" chords, with each finger a different instrument or all of the fingers together an exquisitely unified choir, are shaded from the heedless heroism of the introduction and the cadenza of the First Concerto to the solemn tenderness preceding the *Alla breve* in the finale of the Third Concerto.

Rachmaninoff's playing illustrates the organic quality of his figuration, as we see in the swirling waves of nuance which accompany and outline the Second Concerto's opening theme, or in the delicious tracery just before the above-mentioned sol-

(*Continued on page 70*)

RACHMANINOFF PIANO CONCERTI

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Leonard Pennario: Concerto No. 2 (St. Louis Symphony Orchestra/Vladimir Golschmann), Capitol P-8302, $4.98.

Artur Rubinstein: Concerto No. 2 (NBC Symphony/Vladimir Golschmann), RCA Victor LM-1005, $3.98.
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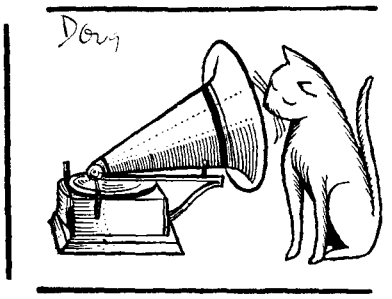
C-A-T SPELLS RAWSTHORNE



"Practical Cats," six poems by T. S. Eliot, music by Alan Rawsthorne, poems recited by Robert Donat. The Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by the composer. Angel 30002, $3.98.

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

THERE ARE NOT many occasions, at least so far as memory serves, in the history of music which actually require the cat (or his impersonator) to *sing,* but there are a few, notably in opera. There is a cat in Albert Wolff's "The Bluebird" (after Maeterlinck); cats are actually awarded a duet (in cat language, or what is assumed to be cat language) in the delightful Ravel-Colette collaboration, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges"; and perhaps the most recent example occurs in an opera which has been performed on television: George Kleinsinger's "Archy and Mehitabel." In ballet the cat is a much more familiar figure. The *pas de deux* in Tschaikowsky's "Sleeping Beauty" will spring to mind at once. Other examples are Sauguet's "La Chatte," danced by Serge Lifar; the Anouilh-Françaix collaboration, "Les Demoiselles de la nuit," in which the principal cat was danced in Paris by Margot Fonteyn. The great Fanny Elssler appeared in a ballet called "La Chatte metamorphosée en femme," with music by a forgotten composer named Montfort. Examples of instrumental and vocal scores which include cats are still more frequent. Scarlatti's "Cat Fugue for Piano" is a classic example; Stravinsky's "Berceuses du Chat," a suite of four songs for female voice and three clarinets, introduced to America by Eva Gauthier, a modern. Aaron Copland's "I Bought Me a Cat," admirably sung by William Warfield, and Samuel Barber's "The Monk and His Cat (Pangur, Sweet Pangur)," sung exquisitely by Leontyne Price, are other popular modern examples. I should not forget to mention Zez Confrey's "Kitten on the Keys!"

Alan Rawsthorne's setting of six of the fourteen poems in T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" seems to be the first melodrama devoted to felines. The form itself is comparatively rare, but not novel. Richard Strauss has written two compositions in this department: "Enoch Arden" (after Tennyson) and "Das Schloss am Meer," the latter to Uhland's words. "Enoch Arden" was a war horse with Max Heinrich, who further composed music over which he recited Poe's "Raven." Humperdinck's "Königskinder," which eventually became an opera, was originally set to spoken words.

Alan Rawsthorne is principally known in New York for his music for "Madame Chrysanthème," Frederick Ashton's ballet introduced by the Sadler's Wells Company in its 1955 season at the Metropolitan. In England, however, he stands well in the front rank of modern British composers. His works include: "Variations for Two Violins," "Symphonic Studies," piano concerto, "The Creel," piano duet, "Cortèges" (fantasy-overture), violin concerto, quartet for clarinet and strings, a sonata for cello and piano, sonatina for piano, concerto for string orchestra, concerto for oboe and strings, symphony, another piano concerto, "A Canticle of Man" (chamber cantata), sonata for viola and piano, string quartet, songs and piano music, in addition to the recent "Practical Cats" introduced to the general public at the Edinburgh Festival of 1954.

I AM unfamiliar with the bulk of Mr. Rawsthorne's compositions, but "Practical Cats," for full orchestra (albeit never a ponderous one) and speaker, is both romantic and humorous, fluent and well-scored. The music for each poem is continuously evocative of the content and makes a specific demand on the speaker to follow the score, since the notes in every instance are placed directly over the words. In the circumstances, Robert Donat, the English actor, celebrated in America through his film appearances, does extremely well, pronouncing the words clearly with sufficient gusto and with what humor or intensity the text requires. In this kind of performance the slightest slip is conspicuous, and either Mr. Rawsthorne or Mr. Donat is responsible for the mispronunciation of venison and the ensuing apostrophied ben'son, but this slight error is of no consequence in a most engaging execution.

Mr. Eliot's "Practical Cats" was first published in 1939. Exceedingly popular (as an ailurophile I still receive several copies every Christmas) the book has sold out at least ten editions. The verses are written with humor and amazing insight into each cat's character, but certainly are not literal transcriptions of this character.

The various pusses included herein are presented with many of the attributes of men and women, but so skilfully symbolical and fantastic is the use of this formula that the felines so treated in the text

(*Continued on page* 69)

—*Scottish News Features.* —*Douglas Glass.*

Eliot and Rawsthorne—"the whiskers for this chore."

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Second Lady	CHRISTA LUDWIG
Third Lady	HILDE ROESSEL-MAJDAN
First Boy	DOROTHEA SIEBERT
Second Boy	RUTHILDE BOESCH
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Recordings in Review

"Fantastique" in Duple

BERLIOZ: *"Symphonie Fantastique." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35202, $4.98. *Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM-1900, $3.98.

CAN THE PURSUIT of fidelity in the reproduction of music reach a point of diminishing returns? Much as we dislike to decry enterprise, it must be noted that both of these products are marred by the attempt to do the impossible—namely, to give the climax of Berlioz's "Witches' Sabbath" every bit of decibel content the microphone can transmit. Inasmuch as that climax comes (as climaxes usually do) at the end of the last movement, where the problems of distortion in the inner grooves of the recording are considerable, the all-out treatment has its perils.

In its processing of the Munch performance RCA Victor has met them head on, and come up with what, I am afraid, must be described as a headache. Repeatedly, toward the end of the disc sent to me for review purposes, the stylus stayed stubbornly in the groove and would not move on. This, of course, could be due either to a nick in the surface, or an overcut groove. As no nick was discernible, the groove will have to bear the responsibility.

Angel has elected an alternative approach: namely, to shorten the amount of playing time on Side II so that the climax comes further away from the center of the disc, where the distortion problem is less critical. As there is no way of curtailing the amount of music Berlioz wrote, or speeding it up appreciably, they have moved back the beginning of the slow movement to the end of Side I, which is, of course, a mismanagement of what the long-playing record stands for—continuous performance save where breaks are provided by the composer. In operas, or very long choral works, an inescapable separation point can be accepted, but Angel has here left us not merely in mid-movement, but in mid-phrase, which is no fun at all. There is, after all, a point at which devotion to fidelity can be a burden, not a blessing.

Under the circumstances, the relative merits of these performances are somewhat beside the point, though both are of superior interpretative quality. Taken together, I would say that Karajan gets even more out of the score than Munch, which is considerable. The Philadelphia version with Ormandy and the Berlin Philharmonic with Otterloo are both excellent reproductions; thus I don't see the virtue of settling for the compromise involved in the Angel or the inconvenience—or worse—of the other.

Hotter's "Winterreise"

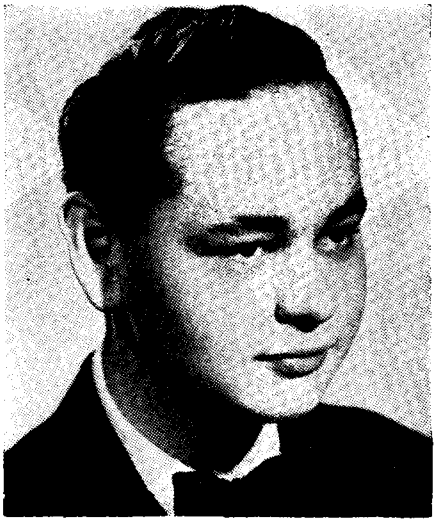
SCHUBERT: *"Die Winterreise." Hans Hotter, basso, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel 35057, $4.98.

UNTIL RCA VICTOR decides, definitely, what it is going to do about re-issues of the Gerhard Hüsch versions of the great Schubert cycles (the Japanese have his "Winterreise" on LP even if we don't), it is nigh impossible to say whether a collector should invest his money in this Hotter performance. Some might say that Hüsch, after all, is non-hifi and thus non-competitive. The contrary view, however, is that vocal art fared better in the Thirties than anything else, and its best examples (Schlusnus, Tauber, Panzéra, etc.) need not defer on this account to anything later.

Considering the vogue Hotter enjoys among some *Lieder*fanciers, it may seem quixotic to find his shortcomings more conspicuous than his many virtues. However highly one rates intelligence, musicianship, and the amalgam of the two called artistry, the fact remains that singing has to be, in the first instance, listenable; and I do not find Hotter's to be.

Hotter does so many admirable things in this sequence of twenty-four songs that it is depressing to report that the end result is mostly dull. He can, for example, evoke an impressive atmosphere for "Die Krähe" ("The Crow"), but the eventual requirement for a full-voice climax yields a sound unfortunately realistic. "Die Nebensonnen" is beautifully sung, and his "Leiermann" makes an impressive summation, but he cannot move his voice, comfortably, for the requirements of "Irrlicht" or "Die Post."

This is, of course, the second Hotter-"Winterreise" on LP and, generally speaking, an improvement on its predecessor (originally Deutsche Grammophon, now Decca DX-111). There is, for one thing, the enlivening presence of Moore; for another, an outstanding blend of voice and piano.



Michael Rabin—"certitude and poise."

Young Messrs. Paganini

PAGANINI: *Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Ruggiero Ricci, violin, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anthony Collins.* London LL 1215, $3.98.

PAGANINI: *Concerto No. 1, also* GLAZOUNOW: *Concerto in A minor. Michael Rabin, violin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Lovro von Matacic.* Angel 35259, $4.98.

THE MERE FACT that both Ricci and Rabin play the first concerto of Paganini is no guarantee, to the indoctrinated, that their performances will be strictly comparable. For one thing, Rabin plays the Flesch cadenza, Ricci plays those of the composer, amended by Emile Sauret. In addition, conductor Collins has touched up the version Ricci uses with a more elaborate introductory tutti than it originally possessed, while Rabin goes along, pretty much, with the original.

For much of the rest, the two violinists are engaged with the same material and there is an interesting case study to be made. Ricci was once as much a prodigy as Rabin is today, though he was not fortunate enough to have his career as well supervised as that of the current sensation.

Rabin today has perhaps even more certitude and poise in his playing than did Ricci in the late 1920s and early 1930s; he is a fine musician, with a composure and seriousness beyond his years. But if one listens sequentially to the work which they play in common it becomes clear that Ricci's version is the more alive and absorbing, even if Rabin strides into the difficulties and subdues them more easily than Ricci. There is, then, still a challenge for him: to achieve and retain that precious individuality which makes Ricci's performances of both works something more than merely

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skilful violin playing. As for the Rabin version of Glazounow, it is unquestionably tidy, beautiful in sound, and almost inpeccably in pitch (the finale has a few flaws). But it rises to real heights only occasionally, at greatest length in the finale. The assistance provided by conductor Matacic is more often prosaic than merely routine, the orchestral playing and reproduction excellent.

Gershwin from Hamburg

GERSHWIN: *"An American in Paris" and "Porgy and Bess" (arranged by Robert Russell Bennett). Hans-Jurgen Walther conducting the Hamburg Philharmonia.* M-G-M E-3253, $3.98.

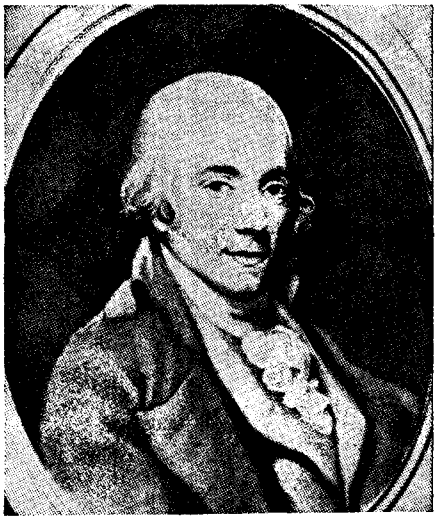
CONTEMPLATING this production of the unlikely material from the improbable source one can only regret that the composer—with his legendary affection for his creations—could not have lived to enjoy the esteem it conveys. Especially as the annotation informs us that the sessions organized for recording purposes resulted in a public appreciation that surged out of Hamburg into a tour of sixteen German cities. 'Tis comforting to know that Germany still appreciates good tuneful music from whatever source.

As for the performances themselves, it is less a matter of noting the small local idiosyncrasies that creep in than of commending the larger justice done to the bright, bouyant imagery of "An American in Paris" and the "Porgy" picture. To be sure, the LP record is a highly mobile thing, and there is no reason why conductor Walther could not have steeped himself in the various choice versions of each before confronting his men in rehearsal. But Hamburg, after all, is the birthplace of Brahms and a key city in the development of Mahler, Walter, Lotte Lehmann, and Elisabeth Schumann. To judge from this recording, Times Square is as close to Hamburg's neighboring Altoona as it is to Pittsburgh's.

On the whole, the performances suffer from a little inclination to read each voice and embellishing figuration literally, rather than as incidental parts of a general jubilation. Thus, Gershwin emerges as more of a contrapuntalist than even he imagined himself—which would, altogether, put him in the Reger class. And what *is* the instrument doing service for a banjo in "I Got Plenty of Nothin'!" It sounds like a zither with its strings slightly Caged. It is, in all, a jolly exercise in the Georgian tradition, with more than a curiosity interest for Americans. The sound, incidentally, is excellent.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Clementi by Horowitz



Clementi—"power, fantasy, originality."

CLEMENTI: *Sonatas in G minor (opus 34, No. 2), F minor (opus 14, No. 3) and F sharp minor (opus 26, No. 2). Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* RCA Victor LM-1902, $3.98.

IF CASUAL attention to the heading at the top of this page suggests a virtuoso exhibition by our great contemporary master of the earlier master's "Gradus ad Parnassum," perish the thought. It is, rather, a serious endeavor on the part of Horowitz to redress a historic wrong, to establish the proper rank of Muzio Clementi, in the hierarchy of great writers for the keyboard rather than merely a fashioner of teaching pieces for it.

As Arthur Loesser, pianistic prophet and music critic of *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, sets forth in his admirable annotation, Mozart, "never a good colleague" (and who can say Loesser's implication is inaccurate, since Mozart never had, really, any colleague on his own level?), denounced Clementi as a "mere mechanic" after hearing him play—according to Loesser's description—"on an out-of-tune piano of which three keys stuck." Whether he heard any of these pieces may be doubted, for it is inconceivable that a musician of Mozart's integrity would have rated as lacking "a penny's-worth of taste or feeling" a creator of such power, fantasy, and originality.

For pages at a time it is possible to imagine that Horowitz has turned up some unjustly neglected works of Beethoven, so strong are the rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic intimations of the Rhinelander in these works (1784-1788). The strong opening of the G minor sonata, which propounds the same rhythmic fragment ♪♪♪ ♩ Beethoven was not to discover until his opus 10 and rarely forget thereafter, the accretion of dynamic force, the cresting of the melodic line on a harmonic projectiton—all these attest to Beethoven's thorough familiarity with the Clementi works published in his lifetime. Withal, a passion and fervor which Horowitz—on the occasion of a rare visit to him many months ago—summed up (after an exploratory performance of a Clementi slow movement) in one word: "Mediterranean!"

For it is too often forgotten—through Clementi's association with England, where he died in 1832 after a residence of nearly sixty years—that he was Roman-born and educated. As Loesser notes—in a portion of his absorbing comment not included in the Victor issue—Clementi occasionally referred to himself as "a young Italian, but an old Englishman." Oddly enough, he might be noted as the missing link in the chain of Italian instrumental music which, somehow, goes to the beginning of the nineteenth century, but not beyond.

Perhaps if Clementi had remained in Italy and reared a great school of disciples about him—the proof is clear, from these works, that he had all the artistic distinction and personal force to do so—the course of Italian instrumental music might have been different for a century. (The influence of Scarlatti is especially evident in the F sharp minor.) But it was not do be. "England became his home," writes Loesser. "He spoke and wrote its language with authentic force and grace, and his mind became imbued with English social values. Yet the rigorous training that he had undergone in Rome at the hands of his Italian church musician teachers had made its mark on him for life. It accounts for the solidity, the severity of his style, and for his fondness for fugues, canons, and other polyphonic manipulations."

As Horowitz demonstrates, the architecture is a mere underlying structure which Clementi has embellished with a passionate freedom, indi-

(*Continued on page* 59)

THIS MONTH'S MOZART: In order to deal with the quantity of new Mozart releases prepared for the holiday season, THIS MONTH'S MOZART—IV will appear in the issue of December 10. This issue will also contain the annual "Critic's Poll," with its selection of the year's outstanding records suitable for gift purposes.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Rochester Philharmonic. Entre EL-6622, $1.98.	A rhythmically strong, textually faithful performance, which compares favorably in sound with any available, despite the economy price. Leinsdorf, indeed, is faithful to the text to the extent that he takes the first repeat, almost always ignored. The gain, to me, is questionable. He also takes the trio at the slow, pre-Toscanini tempo, which is to my taste. The allegretto plods a bit, but the finale has impressive momentum. In all, a credit to conductor, players, and engineer.
Berlioz: "Romeo and Juliet." Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" Overture. Prokofieff: Ballet Music for "Romeo and Juliet." RCA Victor LM-6028, $7.96.	Contrived though it obviously is, this juxtaposition of works derived from the same source makes an interesting program sequence. Cantelli's Tchaikovsky with the Philharmonia is both robust and explicitly detailed, Munch's Berlioz with the Boston justly celebrated, and Stokowski's new version of the Prokofieff excerpts most-likely the best sounding they have yet had on records, if a little overstated at some points. Side four is a miscellany of spoken excerpts from the play, in which—to my inexpert ears—Hurd Hatfield and Gertrude Brooks do not match the quality of musical interpretation in the set. Also, they are a little cowed by Blanche Yurka's authority as the nurse.
Britten: "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra." Ginastera. "Variaciones Concertantes." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG-50047, $4.98.	Dorati finds more music in the unfamiliar but absorbing work of Ginastera than in the by-now familiar one of Britten, especially as the latter is mercilessly hified by the conductor and the engineers. The Argentinian has here produced a score of considerable quality, and one which will doubtless be heard from other conductors and orchestras before long. Very clear sound, a little on the strident side at the top.
Bizet: "L'Arlésienne," Suites 1 and 2. Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster LAB-7006, $7.50.	Much of Rodzinski's work here is deft, his direction of the adagietto of Suite 1 decidedly expressive. The orchestra plays well, but the reproduction is italic, bold throughout, making the final farandole a mere clatter.
Grofe: "Hudson River Suite." Andre Kostelanetz and orchestra. Columbia CL-763, $3.95.	There is a typical quota of Grofeian ingenuity and orchestral resource in this work, but not as much sustained quality (in its own terms) as in the "Mississippi" and "Grand Canyon" suites. Expert performance, and faithful reproduction of all, including dog barks and ten-pins being scattered. The second side miscellany is a very mixed dish.
Handel: "Alcina," "Berenice" overtures. Boyd Neel and his orchestra. London LD-9166, $2.98.	As Handelians are aware, "overture" meant something different to that composer than it did to Weber, for example. The richness of thought and variety of mood in the "Alcina" sequence is well-conveyed by Neel and his musicians. However, they do not do as well by "Berenice," which is not as interesting in any case. Good sound.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 94 and 101. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Rochester Philharmonic. Entre RL-6621, $1.98.	Leinsdorf's knowing direction and the excellent execution by a suitably reduced complement of Rochester players are the elements of two thoroughly enjoyable performances. Some of the accents in the slow movement of the "Clock" are a mite heavy, but the "Surprise" is artfully managed throughout. The "Clock" enjoys a particularly successful reproduction, with the clean articulation of the orchestra justly framed by room tone (whether from an echo chamber or not).
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 in A ("Italian"). Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster LAB-7008, $7.50.	Delicacy and lightness are the qualities of this performance once it gets under way, in a total hardly sizable enough to compare with the more virile, passionate one of Toscanini. Also, since that disc (RCA LM-1851) also offers the "Reformation" symphony, it is hard to see the specious attraction of Westminster's well, but not miraculously, recorded disc at several dollars more.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 1 in A minor. Lalo: Concerto in D minor. André Navarra, cello, with the Paris Opera Orchestra conducted by Emanuel Young. Capitol P-8318, $4.98.	Navarra is a cellist of considerable capacity, and the orchestral accompaniments are suitably supervised by English-trained conductor Young, but neither has quite the flair for enlivening musical trivia to make the Lalo interesting. Saint-Saëns provides more for them to work with, and the results are more gratifying. Capitol might do well to pair Navarra with Milstein (and a suitable conductor named Steinberg) for a performance of the Brahms double concerto.
Strauss: "Schlagobers." Erich Kloss conducting the Frankenland State Symphony. Lyrichord L141, $11.90.	Even devoted Straussians will find this score hard going, for its sound is all-too-faithful to the title ("Whipped Cream"), with blobs of orchestral froth over a somewhat pasty interior. In addition, the Kloss orchestra is no aural delight as rendered by the overeager engineers.
Stravinsky: "Le Sacre du Printemps." Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RIAS Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL-9781, $4.98.	With excellent performances currently available from Monteux, Steinberg, Ansermet, and Markevitch (not to mention the composer himself) this would seem as nearly superfluous as any new recording of a repertory work could be. However, Fricsay has his own kind of impulse to offer, rather more lyric than those cited above, with a strong sense of accentuation. As it is recorded with much skill by the German engineers, it takes rank with the best of those mentioned above.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-1901, $3.98.	Monteux's "Pathétique" is the first Tchaikovsky symphony recorded by him that I can recall, a "debut" long overdue, to judge from this finely molded, beautifully paced, thoughtfully expressive performance. He also puts his own mark on the sound of the Boston Symphony in this music, which plays for him quite differently than it did, in the same work, so often for Koussevitzky. Excellent sound, too, without extraneous emphasis.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1. Conrad Hansen, piano, with the RIAS Symphony Orchestra conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch. Remington R-199-197, $1.95.	As connoisseurs of the art of Willem Mengelberg will recall, Hansen was the pianist in an arresting version of this same work some years ago in Telefunken's prewar recording technique. He is fluent, authoritative still, but without the bigness of piano sound or the electrifying skill in passage work to compete with the best contemporary interpreters. The reproduction of the piano does not rank among Remington's best efforts. Sawallisch assists competently.
Vivaldi: Concerto San Lorenzo (C major), Gloria. Antonio Pellizzari conducting the chamber orchestra of the Scuola di Arzignano, with chorus and vocal soloists. Entre RL-632, $1.98.	Both works are characterized by the breadth of style and strength of thought which typify Vivaldi's best efforts. However, soprano Ginevra Vivente and mezzo Claudia Garbi are uncertain singers (the former singing extremely well at some moments) and the processing leaves much to be desired in definition, balance and resonant background. In consequence, pleasure is marred. —I. K.

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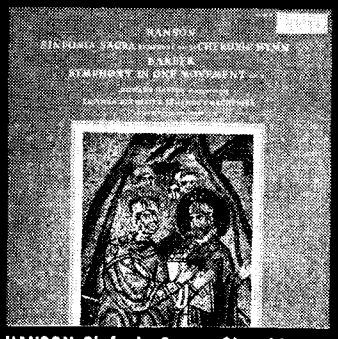
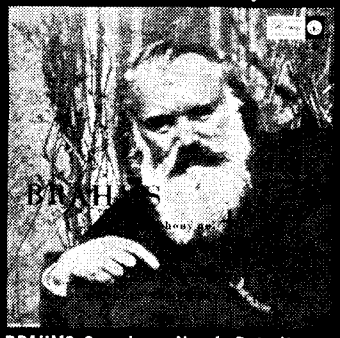
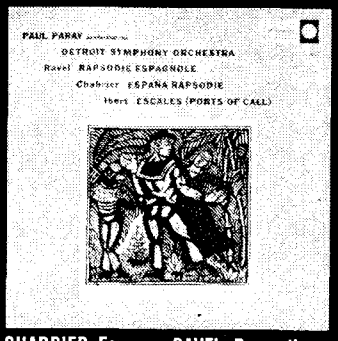


HANSON Sinfonia Sacra; Cherubic Hymn. **BARBER** Symphony No. 1 in One Movement. Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson conducting. MG40014

BRITISH BAND CLASSICS. HOLST First and Second Suites; **VAUGHAN WILLIAMS** Toccata Marziale; Folk Song Suite. Eastman Wind Ensemble, Fennell conducting. MG40015



BRAHMS Symphony No. 4. Detroit Symphony, Paray conducting. MG50057



CHABRIER Espana; **RAVEL** Rapsodie Espagnole; **IBERT** Ports of Call. Detroit Symphony, Paray conducting. MG50056

WAGNER The Flying Dutchman Overture; Parsifal Good Friday Spell; Tristan and Isolde Prelude and Love-Death; Siegfried Forest Murmurs. Detroit Symphony, Paray conducting. MG50044

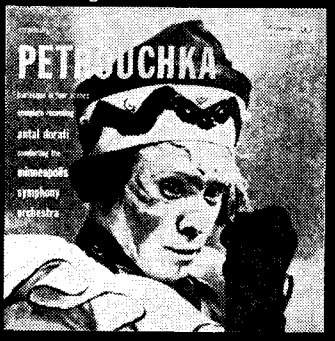
TCHAIKOVSKY Swan Lake. Deluxe, illustrated, factory-sealed album. Minneapolis Orchestra, Dorati conducting. OL-3-102

TCHAIKOVSKY The Nutcracker. Deluxe, illustrated, factory-sealed album. Minneapolis Orchestra, Dorati conducting. OL-2-101

TCHAIKOVSKY The Sleeping Beauty. Deluxe, illustrated, factory-sealed album. Minneapolis Orchestra, Dorati conducting. OL-3-103

RAVEL Daphnis and Chloe. Deluxe, illustrated, factory-sealed album. Minneapolis Orchestra, Dorati conducting. MG50048

TCHAIKOVSKY Swan Lake (now also available on single records). Act I (MG50068); Acts II and IV (MG50069); Act III (MG50070).



STRAVINSKY Petrouchka. Minneapolis Orchestra, Dorati conducting. MG50058

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: J. C. Quintets in F, D and B flat, etc. The Collegium Pro Arte. L' Oiseau Lyre, OL-50040, $4.98.	Model performances in every way of the bright, enlivening works of the "London" Bach, which forge a melodious link between the contrapuntal works of his predecessors and the homophonic ones to come. The quintets utilizing oboe (Helmut Winschermann), flute (Kurt Redel), violin (Ulrich Grehling), viola (Georg Schmid), cello (Martin Bochmann), and continuo (Irmgard Lechner) are spaced by sonatas for the flute and harpsichord (in D and G). The suave, well-sounding performances are beautifully reproduced.
Beethoven: "Gellert Lieder." Schubert: Schwanengesang. Inez Matthews, soprano, with Lowell Farr, piano. Period SPL-717, $4.98.	Some of the lyric songs in these two sequences are appealingly sung, for the Matthews voice is a silky one in its lighter usages. However, she has neither the background, depth of insight, or sheer vocal resource for such matter as "Der Dopplegänger" or "Der Atlas" in the Schubert series or "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur" in the Beethoven. Reasonably competent reproduction.
Bloch: Quintet. Johana Harris, piano, with the Walden String Quartet. M-G-M E3239, $3.98.	Whether this is the same quintet once recorded by Alfredo Casella and the Pro Arte Quartet is not clarified by the annotation, nor is the original recording available for comparison. However, that was not a particularly successful venture which makes this projection of Bloch's admirable work of the early 1920s virtually a first experience with it. The writing is characteristic, the durability of its thought more evident than when it was new. Excellent sound.
Britten: "St. Nicholas." Peter Pears, tenor, with David Hemmings, boy soprano, chorus, and orchestra directed by the composer. London LL-1254, $3.98.	An elaborate celebration of the Christmas season written by Britten in 1948, with a more interesting plan than realization. The sequence of fourteen parts, in which tenor Pears plays the role of St. Nicholas, has its colorful moments, but the composer's search for an antique flavor for his writing leads him into some dubious harmonic bypaths. Though performed in England, a text, as well as the synopsis, would have been welcome. Typically good London sound.
Chopin: Nocturnes. Jan Smeterlin, piano. Epic SC-6007, $7.96.	Considering that Smeterlin was a more than respected pianist in the thirties, when authoritative interpreters were more numerous than they are now, it would seem that his qualities would be welcome in this literature. Indeed, what is heard are highly intelligent, well-formed performances, founded on an abundance of keyboard skill and a sophisticated sense of expression. What is lacking, perhaps, is a touch of imagination to clothe the good forms with a mantle of poetry. Very good piano sound.
Griffes: "Roman Sketches," Tone Pictures (opus 5), and Fantasy Pieces (opus 6). Leonore Engdahl, piano. M-G-M 3225, $3.98.	As noted in conjunction with a previous M-G-M issue, (E-3158, offering works of Milhaud and Villa-Lobos), Miss Engdahl is a pianist of superior abilities, with a flair for the lyric side of contemporary music. She affirms this in her playing of the Griffes literature, of which little beyond "The White Peacock" and "The Fountain of the Acqua Paola" is generaly known. History, however, has been reasonably discerning where Griffes is concerned, for the other works, bearing such titles as "The Lake at Evening," "Vale of Dreams," and "The Night Winds" or "Barcarolle," "Notturno," and "Scherzo," are decidedly less individual, much influenced by the atmosphere of his time. Miss Engdahl plays them with uniform justice. Excellent piano sound.
Haydn: Quartets opus 64, Nos. 2 and 4. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster SWN-18015, $4.98.	The outline is firm, the detail clean in both of these performances, but there is a touch of the perfunctory about them which is especially disturbing in the No. 2 ("The Lark"). It calls for something more in lyric momentum and warmth of sound than the players provide. The processing is very good; indeed, so clear as to show up a technical blemish or two in the performance.
Leclair: Sonatas. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, with Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord. Oiseau-Lyre 50050/1, $9.96. 2 disks.	It is interesting to observe in these works of 1723-1738 Leclair's response to the Italian influences which also shaped Bach's writing for the flute and cembalo. However, the French composer remains concerned almost exclusively with design and outline, without the inclination to emotional expression associated with the German. Rampal gives their best qualities impeccable utterance, ably supported by Veyron-Lacroix. Fine sound.
Schumann: Sonata in F sharp minor. Schubert: Impromptus, opus 90, Nos. 3 and 4, etc. Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA Victor LM-1918, $3.98.	The slow movement has fine flow and plasticity under Brailowsky's knowing ministrations, but he lacks the tone production to give ringing life to the fast sections. Also, the technical execution is not as clean as it might be. The shorter works (the E major, opus 14, "Andante and Rendo Capriccioso" of Mendelssohn and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" in addition to the Schubert) are pianistically secure, stylistically a little dry.
Schumann: Quintet in E flat, opus 44. Hummel: Quartet in G. Victor Aller, piano, with the Hollywood String Quartet. Capitol P-8316, $4.98.	Both the quartet and the pianist have an abundance of technical skill for the requirements of Schumann, but they are led into a kind of languishing "expressiveness" by the pianist's stop-and-go tempo changes. In consequence, the continuity of the music is marred. The playing of the Hummel Quartet is strongly led by violinist Felix Slatkin. It is an aggreeable work whose place in time might have been better located than it is in the jacket annotation. Both works are efficiently reproduced.
Tchaikovsky: "Album for the Young." Schumann: "Album for the Young," etc., Ania Dorfmann, piano. RCA Victor LM-1856, $3.98.	Despite the company propaganda designed to make this a kind of pianistic come-on for all ("six to sixty" is the glib catch-line attached to the authentic Tchaikovsky title), the disc is a summation of Dorfmann's uncommon qualities. Her superior skill as a miniaturist should not obscure the kind of thinking and feeling that have gone into her performances. The care for detail and the pianistic art with which it is expressed are equally noteworthy.
Walton: "Quartet for Piano and Strings." Kinloch Anderson, piano, with Robert Masters, violin, N. Jamieson, viola, and Muriel Taylor, cello. Sonata: Max Rostal, violin, Colin Horsley, piano. Westminster SWN-18024, $4.98.	Though these works are separated by thirty years in Walton's compositional career (the quartet dates from 1919, the sonata from 1949), they exemplify the straightforwardness of his thought, the solidity of his workmanship in media removed from those usually associated with him. Both are more than ordinarily well played, with Rostal and Horsley especially effective in their projection of the sinewy, strongly conceived sonata. The sound (originated by Argo of England) does credit to the Westminister standard. —I. K.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie. Victor LPM-1112, $3.98. Count Basie Dance Session, Album #2. Clef MG C-647, $4.98. Basie. Clef MG C-666, $4.98.	If Red Bank, N.J., gave Edmund Wilson to the world, it also gave Count Basie, and the world has been the better for the both of them. For it was Basie who in the late Thirties created a new, weightless jazz that put wheels on all four beats in the bar, and who, with Ellington, began using the big jazz band as a unified, seemingly casually controlled instrument, rather than one that was continually massing off in three different directions at once. These three records are later examples of that evolution. The first consists of twelve tunes (ten originals, two standards) made between 1947 and 1950, four of which have been previously released. Half are small groups, which, in this case, are the best sides of a rather uneven, if good, collection. The next two records were made during the past year or so, and feature a polished, hard-moving aggregation that is a good deal heavier and possibly less graceful than earlier Basie bands, but that is at present, with its excellent soloists (J. Newman, T. Jones, B. Powell, F. Wess, F. Foster), the most impressive big jazz group at work. Most of the material on these two LPs is blues-based, and there are eighteen selections in all.
Basses Loaded! Featuring Milt Hinton, Wendell Marshall, and Bull Ruther. Victor LPM-1107, $3.98.	The bass fiddle, which for so long has been simply a coloring rhythm instrument in jazz, has recently come into its own as a challenging, withall limited, solo instrument. Of these nine standards and three originals, four each are devoted to the considerable talents of Milt Hinton (pizzicato and bowed), Wendell Marshall, and Bull Ruther. Hinton is the supplest of the three, Marshall suggests an updated Jimmy Blanton, and Ruther has definition and sufficient technique. All three are backed adequately by various small groups, including A. Cohn, D. Banks, B. Byers, J. Nottingham, and Osie Johnson.
Two Part Inventions in Jazz: With Ruby Braff and Ellis Larkins. Vanguard VRS 8019, 8020. Each are $3.95.	Two ten-inch LPs that feature the mature and frequently beautiful counterwork of pianist Ellis Larkins and trumpeter Ruby Braff, whose respective styles of firm-boned delicacy and powerful, controlled lyricism balance one another perfectly. There are thirteen standards (two are blues) in all, the majority of which are taken at slow or rambling tempos. For introspective, unadorned interplay and solo work (especially Braff), as well as for sheer inspiration and first-rate creativity, these should find a permanent place among the greater efforts of recorded jazz.
Chicago Style. Jazztone Society J-1208, $3.85.	A free-wheeling, rambuctious session by some of the white thatches of jazz (M. Kaminsky, P. W. Russell, M. Mole, J. Sullivan, J. Lesberg, G. Wettling), notable for Russell's Martian clarinet, Kaminsky's touching directness, Mole's rumbling fortissimo, and, unfortunately, Joe Sullivan's Man Mountain Dean whumping. Ten selections, including six evergreens and four blues.
Jumpin at the Woodside: A Buck Clayton Jam Session. Columbia CL 701, $3.95.	The fourth medallion that George Avakian has struck off for the swingmen of fifteen years ago is not as finished as the previous ones, but there is still much handsome music to be heard. The three different sessions here were made in the past year or so, and some of the luminaries on hand are C. Hawkins, Jo Jones, B. Tate, R. Braff, B. Kyle, T. Young, M. Hinton, and J. Newman. There are just four tunes, all Basie-associated, and on one of them tap dancer Jack Ackerman takes a couple of choruses which fit in very well. The highspot, though, is a slow, ruminative "Blue and Sentimental" which would have made Herschel Evans beam.
Bixieland: With Eddie Condon and His All Stars. Columbia CL 719, $3.95.	The ten Beiderbackeian tunes here are well performed by C. Cutshall, D. Carey (alto horn), E. Hall, G. Schroeder, W. Page, and George Wettling. Trumpet and cornet are equally split, respectively, between Bobby Hackett and Bill Davison. This is not as memorable a session as Condon's last extended-time venture with many of the same people, nor is it equal to a similar Bix-founded record that Jimmy McPartland did for Brunswick a couple of years ago. Nevertheless, it is fruitful, salty jazz of its kind. Wettling is overclaqued in the otherwise good notes.
West Coast Jazz: With Stan Getz. Norgran MG N-1032, $4.98.	An extremely pleasant and unusual—for its limberness and ungloved emotion—modern date made on the West Coast by Getz, C. Candoli, L. Levy, L. Vinnegar, and S. Manne. Getz plays the six standards here as he might have ten years ago—with softness, long unforced lines, and feeling. Candoli and Levy are both satisfying for their complete proficiency. A top-notch record.
Billie Holiday Sings. Jazztone Society J-1209, $3.85.	A welcome set of fourteen reissues originally recorded by Lady Day on the Commodore label in 1939 and 1944. On the earlier date, which included "Strange Fruit" and "Fine and Mellow," she was accompanied by a Frankie Newton group and on the later ten sides by Eddie Heywood (D. Cheatham, F. Webster, L. Davis, V. Dickenson, T. Walters, J. Simmons, and Sid Catlett). The 1939 sides are the best as Billie still had that artless, lissome quality that was later to turn to a much harder, stylized approach. Note: Don't miss Catlett's exemplary backing on "I'll Get By."
Concert Jazz: The Sauter-Finegan Orchestra. Victor LPM-1051, $3.98.	A pompous and unrewarding date, at least jazzwise, on which the Sauter-Finegan ensemble, complete with chimes, flutes, and rookeries, parades through six originals and four standards. There is an incredible "John Henry" and two long programmatic pieces, "Sleepy Village," and "Pictures from Sauter-Finegan Land." On the last a kind of low-pressure Norman Corwin commentary is spoken by Andy Roberts. This is jazz as heard through a beaded curtain.
Sir Charles Thompson Trio. Vanguard VRS-8018, $3.95.	Sir Charles, in company with Skeeter Best on guitar and Aaron Bell on bass, in a program of two originals and four standards. A pianist who, eight or so years ago, was beginning to evolve an original style, Thompson has now slipped into a slough that is somewhere between Basie and that truncated self. Listen, though, to his first solo chorus on "Sonny Howard's Blues," which is the sort of perfect improvised construction that comes along about twice a year.
Music for Loving: With Ben Webster. Norgran MG N-1018, $4.98.	There have been only a few tenor saxophonists who have been able to surmount the peculiar hard, whiny, complaining qualities inherent in that instrument. One of them, of course, is Ben Webster, who with Herschel Evens, has been the most *moving* tenor saxophonist yet—particularly on slow ballads. There are ten such selections here, six of which have strings and horns arranged by B. Strayhorn and R. Burns, and four of which have as accompanists T. Wilson, R. Brown, and J. Jones. This is Ben Webster at his best, which is nonpareil today. —Whitney Balliett.

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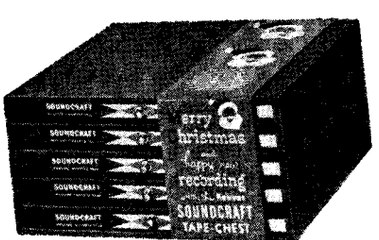

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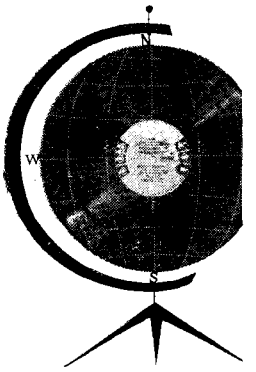

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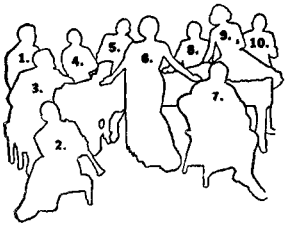

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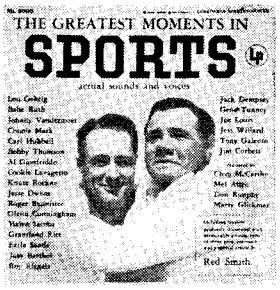

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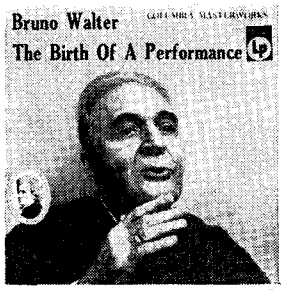

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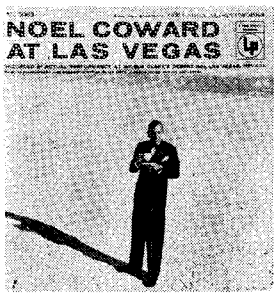

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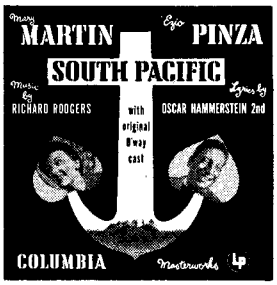

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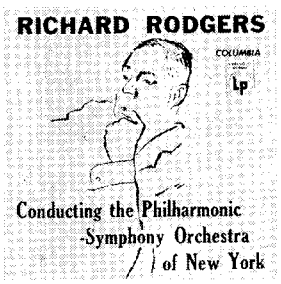

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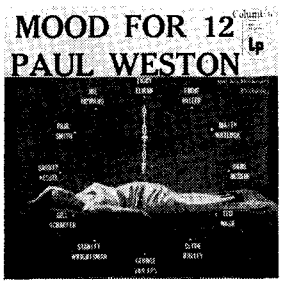

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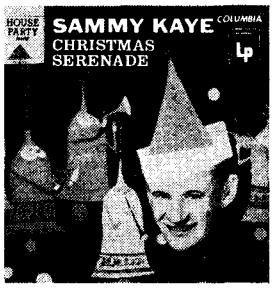

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Clementi

Continued from page 51

viduality of impulse, and a high degree of fantasy. Certainly he has made his point, without question: namely, that Clementi is a composer of individuality and idiomatic strength whose claim to attention other performers can hardly deny.

One can hear them, however, querying themselves—after listening to these performances—"Yes, Clementi *cum* Horowitz is all very well, but Clementi *cum* Nowitz . . . I don't know." For it is a fact that along with proving his point Horowitz has given a dazzling demonstration of the interpreter's art which makes us all the more impatient with his recent absence from the concert stage. We will grant his premise that Clementi has not had it good for over a century, while adding Clementi *never* had it so good as in these incisive, fluid and wonderfully alive performances made just last March. In freshness of feeling, spontaneity, and total effect, these are vintage-Horowitz—especially as conveyed by RCA Victor's attentive technicians. If he should awake some morning and find his house besieged by pickets with signs reading "Horowitz Is Unfair to Concertgoers" he will only have himself—and this record—to blame. —I. K.

THE OTHER SIDE: Admirers of the late Wilhelm Furtwängler will, I am sure, be overjoyed to learn that HMV has, after all, managed to preserve his celebrated interpretation of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony, though no studio recording was undertaken before his sudden death earlier this year. The performance now released on four LP sides is that given at the 1951 Bayreuth Festival. It is not altogether free from blemish, but on the whole the orchestra, chorus, and soloists (led by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf) respond finely to the conductor's every whim.

In addition to numerous operas already released in the U.S., the month's list provides Puccini's "Turandot" in a recording from London Decca that surpasses every expectation. Sopranos able to do justice to the title role of Puccini's last, incomplete score do not grow on trees, and it is many years since I have heard so exciting a Turandot as Inge Borkh. As Calaf, Mario del Monaco gives what strikes me as his best performance to date on records. The way both singers rise to the climax of "In questa reggia" would cause a furor in any of the great opera houses. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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—Intercontinental Hotels.

The Hotel Reforma—"Hi-fi jargon has been easily accommodated to the Spanish tongue."

Alta Fidelidad South of the Border

By MORTON SEIF

MEXICO CITY.

LATIN AMERICA'S first big audio fair (Cuba had an unpublicized one last year), *La Primera Feria Mexicana de Alta Fidelidad* ("First Mexican High-Fidelity Fair"), was held November 4-6 at the Hotel Reforma in Mexico City, where thirty-five exhibitors displayed the products they manufacture or distribute. Organized by the year-and-a-half old Asociación Mexicana de Impulsores de Alta Fidelidad, this fair also had the dubious distinction of being the first one sponsored by any group of business competitors in Mexico, which has almost as many trade associations and *sindicatos* as guitars. *Tocadiscos* (record changers), *tornamesas* (turntables) with *brazo* (arm) and *reproductor* or *pastilla* (cartridge), *agujas* (needles), *amplificadores* (amplifiers), *bocinas* (speakers), and *grabadoras de cinta* (tape recorders) crowded two whole floors of the hotel and spilled into part of a third.

Hi-fi jargon has been easily accommodated to the Spanish tongue, although rumble, wow, and scratch remain without equivalents. A much more exact translation of high fidelity in Spanish would be *verdadera fidelidad* (true fidelity), to avoid fostering the misconception that word *alta* applies only to high frequency reproduction. One leaflet listed four conditioning factors which by now should reveal their meanings: *frecuencias correctas, balance tonal, rango dinámico, ausencia de interferencias.*

Although this fair marked an initial acceptance of hi-fi in Mexico, certain conditions exist which pose problems to its wide spread. Large portions of the population do not have the economic ability to purchase hi-fi equipment, which must remain for them luxury items; in the cultural world of others, hi-fi has as much place as an interest in modern Dutch poetry. However, Mexico is jumping with jukeboxes, even in the most isolated spots; it has one of the highest per-capita ratios in the world. Thousands of hand-wound Swiss phonographs are sold each year in regions where there is no electricity, little towns and vast ranches in the sierras alike. Hi-fi sets using batteries have been made to special order. The states of Oaxaca and Chiapas in the south are least ready for hi-fi. Besides the capital, the best markets are Monterrey, Guadalajara, Torreon, Chihuahua, San Luis Potosi, and Mérida on the peninsula of Yucatan.

Seasoned observers of American audio fairs could not detect any perceptible differences in performance due to Mexico City's altitude of 7,500 feet and its climate of eternal spring. There were the usual complaints about the lack of really soundproof rooms but the most serious criticism I would level at the music I heard, mostly Bach and Cole Porter. Many visitors shared my disappointment that more typical Mexican music was not utilized, mariachis like *"Las Mañanitas Tapatías"* or *"Las Bicicletas"* of Gilberto Parro, songs of Agustin Lara like *"Mujer"* and *"La Clave Azul,"* rancheros like *"Siete Leguas"* or *"Cu-Cu-Rru-Cu-Cú Paloma,"* or even the usually ubiquitous *cha-cha-cha's*. The bald fact the Mexican *discos* (records) are of an inferior quality, which wouldn't show off the equipment properly, was one explanation offered. There were also less attempts to assault the eardrum than American fairs. Mexicans have a curious reaction to noise; a local ordinance banning excessive honking by automobiles was passed several years ago, and miraculously stilled the traffic din.

Pye, Britain's largest exporter of radio and television, took a large slice of honors, both for the excellence of their sound systems and the presentation of them through their exhibit and ample promotional literature in English and Spanish. Their "Black Box," a relatively small enclosure with inlaid lacquer Chinese motifs, was an exquisite delight to the eye as well as the ear, representative of the finest British-type hi-fi made in their Cambridge factories. The Goldring Magnetic Cartridge, (Recoton-Goldring in U.S.) attracted considerable attention, partially due perhaps to the June *Consumers Research* report which rated it first among twenty-five competitive cartridges tested.

THE Collaro exhibit graphically illustrated the historic development of sound recording. An Edison Gem Phonograph dating back to 1887 with vintage Edison 160 rpm. four-minute Amberol Records ("Bolero" and a Caruso) in their green-and-white cylindrical containers and a Maestrofono of 1906 flanked 1955s automatic RC54. The precursor of all this activity, the National Phonograph Company of Orange, New Jersey, if it still existed, would no doubt exploit the human drama involved in the passage of these museum pieces to the resting place from which they were plucked by a team of searchers after an eight-day quest through the city—Lagunilla, Mexico City's fabulous version of Paris's Flea Market.

Audio-Vision, one of Mexico's lead-

(*Continued on page 75*)

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THE AMEN CORNER

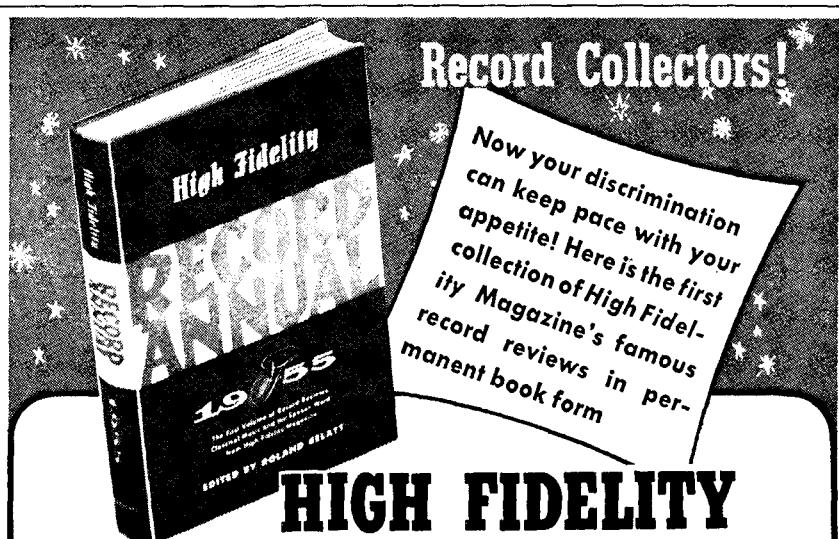
Crosby and Christmas and Such

THE holiday list begins this year with a gift album, as gilded as the towers of Trebizond, containing no less than thirty-six of the sides which Bing Crosby made for Decca between 1934 (he begins with "Someday Sweetheart") and 1949 ("So in Love"). The album is fittingly called "Old Masters" (Decca DX-152) and includes some of my own favorite Crosby works. It has long been a conceit in this corner that we can frequently distinguish between numbers which Crosby sang for his supper, as it were, and others into which he plunged his full lyric fondness. Subject to expert correction from California, we will place among the latter, for example, "Don't Be That Way," "The Moon of Manakoora," "Pretending," "On Behalf of the Visiting Fireman" (with Johnny Mercer), and "I'll See You in My Dreams." Gilbert Millstein's informative and amusing program notes have a good deal to say about the Crosby contagion, and Millstein makes the point that when Decca recently issued a re-recording of many Crosby standards there was a prompt public clamor for original takes, such as are found here. Hurrah.

Leaving Bing Crosby's perfumed precincts (the perfume, of course, is thoroughly masculine, and sometimes has the effect of champagne spray) we return again to the profoundly rural South where Fred Ramsey, Jr., largely financed by a Guggenheim Fellowship, has culled his "Music from the South." The first volume of the Ramsey series, by affecting country brass-bands, was hailed in this space some months ago; the series now moves on to three albums of blues, ballads, spirituals, and conversation by Horace Sprott of Perry County, Alabama (Folkways FP 651, 652, 653). I quote from Ramsey's lengthy notes, which give a rich suggestion of Sprott's background and present-day cabin and field life: "To his singing Sprott contributes a somber, 'straining voice,' a high degree of personal feeling, considerable skill in handling his voice, and a remarkable memory. If he hesitates for a moment, recalling an episode that brings to mind a song, or the song itself, it is because, as Sterling Brown said on hearing the tapes, 'it's a deep well he's got to go down'." I imagine that a good many devotees of American music at its folk roots will want to descend with him. The records are accompanied by a full "libretto."

Before leaving the vocal realm, but moving far from Horace Sprott's, I should mention a collection of Parisian songs "Le Mal de Paris," including three composed by Leo Ferré and one by the legendary Aristide Bruant, who also survives in his great poster portrait by Toulouse-Lautrec. The singers are headed by the ineffable Germaine Montero, who unfortunately performs only the Bruant item, and there are many sparkling touches of modern orchestration (uncredited) under the batons of André Popp and Philippe-Gerard.

The season's jazz suggestions begin with jaunty and robust stuff by modern experts who have only recently been coming into prominence. There is seasoned improvising in the middle-tempo blues "Woofin' and Tweetin'" and the stomp "Juggernaut" by Gene Ammons, tenor saxophone; Lou Donaldson, alto saxophone; Art Farmer, trumpet; Freddie Redd, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums (this last a bebop pioneer who has remained in the forefront of modern drummers). This is contemporary jazz of a kind of iron authority, not as lyrically moving a: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the notable Miles Davis "Walkin'" session which it somewhat resembles, but in the same sturdy vein (Prestige LP 211). The trumpeter Farmer also appears with Gigi Gryce, alto saxophone, in a pleasingly ruminative, songful small band record—this one is largely composed by Gryce (Prestige LP 209). The golden, fluent, hot trombone of Bennie Green is featured in a small band variety program shifting from the languors of "Body and Soul" to the jumping power of "Say Jack." As a rooter for Caribbean percussion effects (I gather that some jazz commentators cannot abide them) I am delighted to hear the conga drumming of Candido in the rhythm section (Prestige LP 210).

The most original ensemble setup I have encountered recently is the Chico Hamilton Quintet, led by the drummer Hamilton, who looks exceedingly dapper and sounds exactly that way. His associates (note the instrumentation carefully) are Buddy Collette, flute, clarinet, tenor and alto saxophones; Jim Hall, guitar; Fred Katz, cello; and Carson Smith, bass. Theirs is largely a composed music, played with great delicacy, and some of it does not come under the heading of jazz by my definition—which requires a basic dance pulsation in common time. But when they are bent on swing they arrive at it with the most sensitive gusto, and I would call special attention to Collette's composition "Blue Sands," to their traditional blues, and to numerous propulsive passages in other numbers (Pacific PJ-1209).

Hampton Hawes is a brilliant West Coast modern jazz pianist who can be recommended for everything except a tendency toward metallic hardness. I could wish that he had more warmth, more relaxation, but in a long and varied program ranging in mood from "I Got Rhythm" to "These Foolish Things" he displays much invention and a high lustre that is often quite appropriate (Contemporary C 3505).

Finally, for any heaping of Christmas gifts I could scarcely do better than suggest a re-issue of twelve of the finest 1942-3 sides of the captivating Gerry Mulligan Quartet, with the leader on the baritone saxophone; Chet Baker, trumpet; Larry Bunker, drums (sometimes Chico Hamilton); and Carson Smith, bass (sometimes Bob Whitlock). These records made modern chamber jazz history (Pacific PJ-1207) and they do as much as any to suggest that the natural direction for jazz today is in the small, intimately colloquial group. The best boys have learned to speak so subtly that it would be a shame to miss their clear, interwoven conversation.

—Wilder Hobson.

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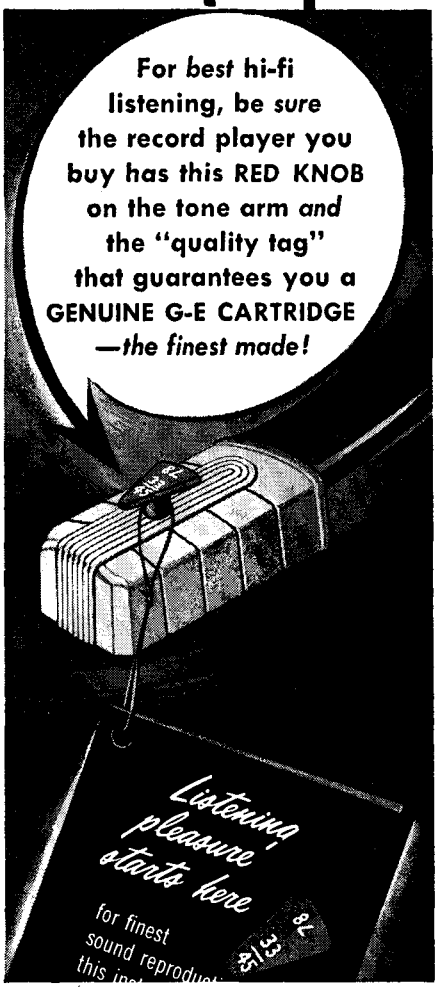
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Christmas in Hi-Fi

By HAROLD LAWRENCE

"MUSIC," Arthur Honegger said, "should be direct, simple, and of wide appeal. The public cares nothing for technique. My works must be accessible to the man in the street, while at the same time attracting the musician." To bring music to the people Honegger drew portrayals of a football game ("Rugby"), a locomotive run ("Pacific 231"), and the 1937 Paris Exhibition ("Scenic Railway"). "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," "La Danse des Morts," and other of his stage works approach the category of film scores. Few of the compositions to his credit bear abstract titles.

Yet, more than any other member of *Les Six*, Honegger—whose model is Bach—has always been concerned with problems of form and structure, as reflected in the often intricate contrapuntal design of his music. The influence of Bach is felt more directly in Honegger's use of the chorale and its equivalents. The final stirring bars of the Symphony No. 2 contain a Lutheran-like tune played by solo trumpet against strings. The Lorraine May-day song, "Trimazo," introduced just before the flames devour Joan, is surely patterned after Bach's expressive treatment of the chorale, "O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden."

Traditional songs play an even more important role in Honegger's "Cantate de Noël" (1953) which receives its première recording on Epic (LC-3153, $4.98). Here Christmas songs and chorales are sung in four different languages to underline the universal aspect of Christmas. The work's large-scale proportions and its occasionally murky instrumentation pose difficult problems for Philips's engineers. In the main, a reasonable balance of solo, choral, and instrumental forces has been achieved, though one could wish for a clearer focus and a less distant pickup. Paul Sacher, the score's dedicatee and champion of contemporary music, is especially qualified to conduct this work. Under his baton are baritone Michel Roux; the Elisabeth Brasseur Choir; the Petits Chanteurs de Versailles; and the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris.

Another LP première occupies the reverse side of this new Epic recording: Hugo Distler's "Die Weihnachtsgeschichte," Op. 10. Distler, who was born in Nuremberg in 1908 and committed suicide thirty-four years later, composed almost exclusively for the church. The present work, which marks his recording debut, is modele after Schütz's Passions, being score for unaccompanied solo recitative and a cappella choir. The latter's par consists of the chorale, "*Es ist ein Ros Entsprungen,*" sung first in its origina state and later in nine variations. A Baroque form, garbed in modal pro gressions and neo-Gregorian recita tives, results in an unusual Christma work. Add to this the admirable clar ity of the soloists' diction, super acoustics, and the melting tones of th Netherlands Madrigal and Mote Choir under Marinus Voorberg, an you have a recommended holiday disc

The Obernkirchen Children's Choir' third Angel release, "Christma Songs" (65021, $3.98) is easily the bes of its kind to appear this seasor Edith Möller's splendidly-trained "an gels in pigtails" (thirty girls and si boys) never fail to touch the listene with their purity of intonation an style. In its conductor's sensitiv hands, the group phrases with uner ring taste, displays no trace of coyness and expresses in a very real sense th poignancy of such carols as "Auf der Berge," and "El Pequeño Zagal." Al though the songs are divided in band on each side, Angel has wisely mad use of the spirals to include transi tional music and sound effects, suc as bells, guitar, organ, wind trio, an sleigh bells. The children's diction i excellent. Even when they mispro nounce English words the results ar delightful: ". . . Jingle all ze way. (what fun it iss to rrride in a one hors open sleigh . . ." Miss Möller, by th way, gives this simple tune the full blown Romantic treatment.

Like the Obernkirchen Children' Choir's latest release, Columbia "Christmas Carillon" (CL-750, $3.95 was also recorded in June. It was particularly sunny afternoon and th birds can be heard calling back an forth in the ivy climbing up the wal of the tower of Princeton's Graduat College, where the forty-nine bells (the University's carillon are locate Bellmaster Arthur L. Bigelow, a grad uate of Mechlin—the carillonist Mecca—performs seventeen carol Since each carillonist makes his ow arrangements, it must be assumed tha these are Bigelow's, although neithe the jacket notes nor the label copy s specify. Fine outdoor music, we recorded.

Seven familiar, and a pair of n so familiar, Christmas songs may b

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ound on a new Columbia disk sung
y the De Paur Chorus (CL-725,
3.98). The unusual songs are a Negro
piritual, "Mary, Mary, Where Is Your
Baby?" and a delightful Christmas
alypso entitled, "Mary's Little Boy
Chile." On the other side is a collec-
ion of "inspirational" songs includ-
ng Kostalsky's "God Is With Us,"
Malotte's "The Lord's Prayer," and
thers. Nearly all the songs are ar-
anged by Leonard De Paur, who
onducts the Chorus. The reproduc-
ion is of top calibre.

Reproductions of another kind em-
ellish Epic's second holiday release,
The Story of Christmas" (LC-3144,
5.95). Full color prints of canvases
y Raphael, Sassetta, Van Der Wey-
en, Gerard David, Di Fredi, Fra An-
elico, and Bosch, depicting the Jour-
ey of the Magi, the Nativity, etc.,
long with Biblical quotations and a
ext by Robert L. Smock, adorn the
laborate "package." But little of this
bundant spirituality is present in the
pic Choir's performance, under Pe-
er Sozio's direction, of eighteen well-
nown carols. The group is a compe-
nt one; its intonation is good and it
well-rehearsed—but there is no
agic here.

In a new Kapp release (KL-1009,
3.98) entitled "Let's All Sing a Song
or Christmas," a TV network an-
ouncer, Dennis James, has applied
rand-name advertising techniques to
ne promotion of Christmas. "Hi! Let's
et some Christmas spirit," gaily calls
Mr. James. "You know, Christmas is
ot a word. It's a feeling that sur-
ounds us all. . . . So, to get the feel-
ng big and strong, I'm going to ask
ou to join in song, 'cause you just
on't know the joy a song will bring
ll you yourself join in. . . . So, come
n, everybody!" At these words, a
horus named the James Boys and
irls, accompanied by Hammond or-
an, banjo, and sleighbells, joyfully
ing us such assorted tunes as "Ru-
olph the Red-Nosed Reindeer,"
White Christmas," and "Santa Claus
Coming to Town." Throughout the
sc James intersperses a homey nar-
tion in rhyme; here are two exam-
es:

Now let's pay a tribute to Mother,
And sing a few songs that
perhaps she'd like to hear,
As a sort of "Thank you, Mother,"
For the nice things she's done
all year.

It's fun to sing the old ones,
But let's try one that's new.
In searching for the proper tune,
I think our theme will do.

Remember, folks, you have only
enty-eight days to go out and buy
me of that good old Christmas
irit!

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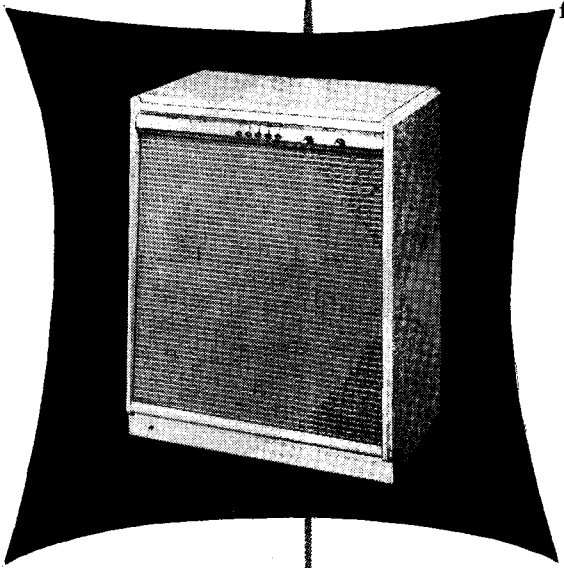

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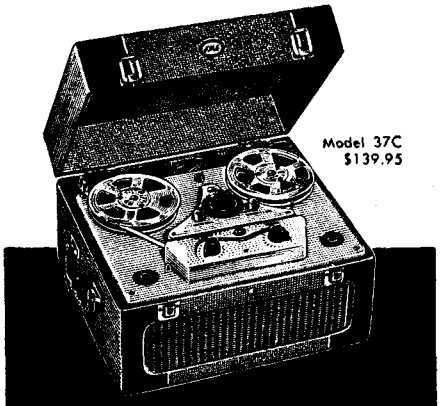

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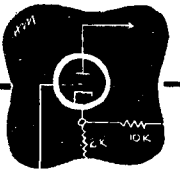

HIGHS AND LOWS

Inputs Unlimited

YOU may have gotten a shock recently, if you looked for the first time at the back of one of the newer high-fidelity control units. (Just the back: the front is a separate story, that demands a full running start all its own.) When you turn one of the more elaborate current control units around you come face to face with an intricate array of input and output connectors, power outlets, and often controls that may convict the designer of malicious intent to startle and mystify.

What the designers of these units have actually done is to respond, in many cases with great cleverness and effectiveness, to the growing demand for flexibility and ease of installation in hi-fi systems. The designers are trying, with considerable success, to make it easier to amalgamate into an operating whole any combination of hi-fi devices a user is likely to fancy. Tape recording and playback, TV, radio, microphone, and two or three kinds of disc-playing equipment are today considered not unlikely elements of hi-fi systems, sometimes all of them in one system together.

All of these "program sources" must feed into a control unit which includes the devices for switching instantly from one source to another and for adjusting volumes, tonal balances, etc. It is the need for individualized handling of each of the program sources that leads to the carefully identified array of input connectors on the back. Each type of signal source must be plugged into the proper connector, to get the control "handling" specifically intended for it.

Let's consider the principal distinguishing characteristics of the various program signals, as the key to the nomenclature stamped on the back of the control unit to show you where to plug your units in. The first big difference between signals is in their strength—or "signal level," as the engineers call it. The signal level from a radio tuner, for instance, may be 100 or more times as strong as that from a magnetic pickup. The circuit arrangement in the control unit designed to handle the pickup will be badly overloaded if connected to the tuner, producing serious distortion. Conversely, if you connect the pickup to an input designed for the tuner you will scarcely hear the music, even with the volume turned all the way up. The tuner output is called "high level," that from the pickup "low level," and input connectors are often marked "high level" or "low level" to indicate the genera strength of the signal that should be fed to each.

Radio tuners, TV tuners, tape playback machines which include their own preamplifiers, and FM and crysta pickups are generally "high level." Variable-reluctance and moving-coi pickups, and most microphones, are "low level."

Level matching has further refinements. Several of the control unit now provide inputs for *two* magneti pickups. Some high-fidelity fan actually use two, one with a change and one with a manual turntable, fo instance. Even if you use only one the two inputs allow you to matcl that one more exactly. One input i for the *very* low-level moving-coi magnetic (Fairchild, Leak, Electro sonic, etc.), and the other input i for variable-reluctance magnetic (General Electric, Audak, Pickering) which generally put out ten to twenty times as much signal as the moving coil units. (This has no relation t results.)

If you connect a variable-reluctanc pickup to an input designed expressl for moving-coil pickups you ma overload the control unit, with seriou distortion as the result. The write saw—or rather, heard—this happe not long ago. A system produced dis torted sound that was mysterious t all present, until it was noticed tha a particularly strong variable reluc tance pickup was connected to "moving-coil" input.

Other control units provide tw magnetic pickup connectors, differ entiated in another way. Variable re luctance pickups operate best whe the electrical resistance they feed int called by engineers the "load," is a a certain value specific for each pick up. With two inputs for magnetic the user can instal two differer "loading resistors" and thus accom modate properly two kinds of mag netics, choosing between them at th throw of the front-panel selecto switch. Some control units do this i another way. A series of loadin resistors is built in, and the one yo want is chosen by turning a knob o the back panel, which makes th whole thing easy for the operator.

The second main way in whic signal sources differ is in their re quirement for "equalization," or cor

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rection of the balance between high and low tones. As nearly everyone knows, magnetic pickups (variable-reluctance and moving-coil) need a considerable bass boosting and a moderate reduction, or "roll-off" of the treble, because of the way modern records are made. Most record-users know also that the amount of the bass boost and treble roll-off required varies with the different record manufacturers; hence the "variable record compensation" included on all modern control units.

A crystal, ceramic, or FM pickup needs a quite different kind of equalization. The input for these pickup types is often marked "Constant Amplitude Pickup," a technical term for their mode of operation. Finally, radio and TV tuners, tape machines, and most microphones should be played "flat," without special equalization. The radio and TV tuners and tape machines, since they are all "high level" and require no special equalization, can generally be plugged interchangeably to inputs designed for any of them, or into what are often called "Auxiliary High Level" inputs. Microphones, being low level and requiring "flat" treatment, cannot be plugged into either the low-level magnetic circuit or the high level tape or radio inputs: microphones generally require a channel all their own, and since there are considerable differences in level among the different microphones some control units have inputs for both "high-level" and "low-level" mikes.

The proliferation of *output* connectors on the control units is the result usually of the requirement for feeding tape recorders. One output, of course, is for the connection to the power amplifier, if that is a separate unit. The signal to feed a tape-recorder must come out a different way because this signal must not pass through the tone control circuits on its way to the recorder.

Other additions to the intricacy on the back panel are the level-set controls. (Some units have these on the front panel.) These are volume controls which bring the final refinement to level matching. They allow you to set each input channel so that the signals reaching the control circuits from all the channels are closely together in level. The loudness does not then pop drastically up or down when you switch from phono to radio.

This account does not exhaust by any means the varieties of input and output versatility available in the newer control units. It lays a groundwork, which will perhaps enable you to understand and use more quickly the facilities of your own unit.

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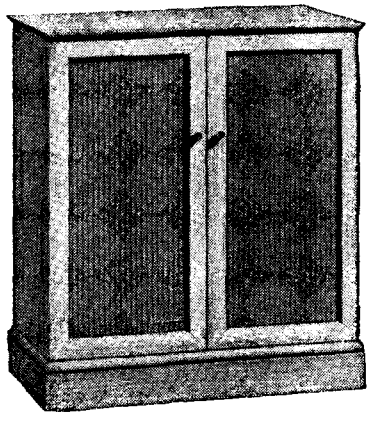

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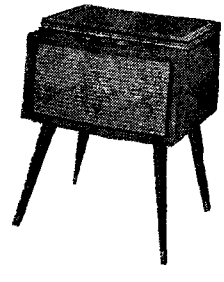

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Milstein

Continued from page 45

were 'the best' in their world and always were against inferior competition. Actually, it is not so important whether those you come in contact with are better or not . . . rather, that they are different."

Also, it is a fact that no two careers follow immutable lines. There are those who burst into bloom young, and go to seed soon. There are those who follow another law of nature, pursuing a slow development to a lasting maturity. Occasionally—and this is the greatest rarity—there is the prodigy who matures young and *still* develops in later years.

Artur Rubinstein, asked once how it was that he did not really conquer his world until reaching his forties (though he came to America as a brilliant youth in his teens) answered candidly: "I really didn't settle down to work until I was married, which was late, and had to support a family. Before, I enjoyed myself, played where they liked me, and was successful enough. Then I had to make them like me wherever I played. That was hard work."

Whether the same applies directly to Milstein is hard to say, though the upward turn in his career became increasingly noticeable after his marriage in 1945. Even before, however, the tendency to dwell always and ever on the health and security of his execution, its solidity and freshness of sound, were abating somewhat in favor of appreciation of his musicianship and insight—especially, in Bach. Those who know him say that Milstein's problem was in part a problem of liberation, of externalizing what was always within him, of attaining that ease and freedom under concert conditions which marked his playing in the studio or in private.

No doubt his continuing upward graph is related to an inordinate absorption in the art which is also his profession, his interest in many interrelated phases of it. Asked whether he plays piano, he replied "I 'know' piano better, almost, than I do violin. I cannot play, because one must practise and for that I do not have time. But I know it." Cello, however, he does play. "Not long ago in London," he remembered, "I was playing with BBC and went for supper afterwards to the home of a doctor-cellist who has several fine instruments. There were many musicians there and after a while somebody said, 'Let's play.' Just as we start the doctor is called away, and all we have are violin-viola players. So I pick up cell and we play—Beethoven G majc quartet. When it calls for robust play loud. Other times, soft. The onl trouble I have are with long stretche in high positions. It hurt the hand."

During a recent European safari h encountered Oistrakh and they ha lunch together. "I told him, yo should come to America before it too late . . . before you start to pla out of tune." He added mischievously "He is old as me . . . fifty years. Oistrakh's answer at that time wa "I am afraid."

Of the cadenzas for the Beethove Concerto which are one of the re freshing elements in his recordin Milstein remarked: "I built them u little by little. I used to play Joachi cadenza, which has fine beginnin not so good after. Kreisler cadenz is wonderful—for him. Cadenza shoul be in style of the way concerto played, a bridge from dominant t tonika. Not too much display, n too much treatment of material com poser has already chewed over him self. If I must play bad cadenz better I play my own bad cadenz no?"

Music today strikes him as not a adventurous as it was thirty yea ago. "Orchestral players can sit dow play fine performance of Schube 'Octet,' greatest music Schubert eve wrote. Yet they go to play conce and they are slaves. The field mar shal comes with his baton and the must follow. Why? Conductor shoul sometimes ask players . . . it woul be better performance."

Young players, especially in Amer ica, are too prone to imitate rathe than absorb. "All young pianists no want to play like Horowitz, yes They always pick out the unattain able—Horowitz, Heifetz, Caruso . . then what happens. They imitat what they can, which is not alway best thing about artist. Can they re produce nervous energy of Horowit his intensity, his inside feeling? N They try to do what he does on key board. Impossible. It is distortion. had young man who came to me fc coaching. Talented boy. He plays 'In troduction-Rondo Capriccioso' Saint Saens, so . . . exaggerated. I stop hi and say, 'Why you do that?' He say 'Heifetz does it.' Oh no I say. Heifet does it *so* . . . which is difference be tween taste and vulgarity. He can g just to the edge of a broad effec but he never passes the line. Bette to be yourself, I tell him, than t imitate."

This was the master voice speak ing, for it was by being himsel through all, that Milstein found him self, as audiences around the worl are finding, too

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C-A-T Spells . . .

Continued from page 48

miraculously reappear in person in their own flesh and fur. I will give as an example of this kind of prescient magic, a few lines from the poem "The Naming of Cats," set with rare intuition by Mr. Rawsthorne and spoken with analogous discernment by Mr. Donat.

But above and beyond there's still one name left over.
And that is the name you never will guess;

The name that no human research can discover—
But the cat himself knows and will never confess.

When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason I tell you is always the same;

His mind is engaged in wrapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name.

In his book Mr. Eliot has described n his quasi-serious manner fourteen listinctive cats; Mr. Rawsthorne has et six of these poems so successfully hat it is a pity he did not set more, or he is gifted with the proper temperament to write music about cats. Cat-lovers use certain epithets when hey speak of their favored pet: mystery, nobility, vitality, grace and harm, beauty, majesty, poise, humor, enchantment, even confusion. Mr. Rawsthorne understands how to evoke them all. I would swear he must almost have the whiskers for this chore. A certain proportion of the poems is serious, but the "Song of he Jellicles" is as jolly a ditty as a topical song by Sullivan, and the words are probably much more difficult to enunciate, for Mr. Rawshorne's music travels as speedily as hat of Schubert's "Wohin," while Mr. Eliot wrote the poem with no idea of music in mind. Each song has its ndividual approach (as each cat is ndividual) and the whole is preeded by a really elegant overture rather in the style of Wolf-Ferrari) which utilizes themes from the succeeding score. Of the numbers, my avorite, I believe, is the aforementioned "Naming of Cats," but "Gus he Theatre Cat" would follow, a close econd. Indeed, I would enjoy hearng any one of these numbers again nd again. The mechanical reproduction problems have been solved rilliantly and the conductor-composer never obscures the speaker.

CHRISTMAS WITH Vicki...

Vicki is one of those positive young ladies who are certain about everything. Naturally, she's sure of her taste in music, too.

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☐ Since Vicki likes both piano music and dancing, she'll think you're a dear for giving her *The Twin Pianos* (DL 8119, ED 565), by America's favorite dance band, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Guy's twin pianists run the gamut from "Humoresque" to "Just One Of Those Things."

☐ Vicki secretly agrees with Mae West who says, "It's not the men in my life that count, it's the life in my men!" And, Mae really outdoes herself in *The Fabulous Mae West* (DL 9016, ED-838). See what Vicki says about this one!

☐ On Christmas Eve, walk up behind Vicki, hold your hand over her eyes and say, *'Twas The Night Before Christmas* (DL 8171). We're sure she'll know you're giving her the wonderful Decca album of traditional Christmas Music by Fred Waring and The Pennsylvanians.

☐ Two of Vicki's favorite blues singers are featured in Jack Webb's new film "Pete Kelly's Blues." Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald give their vocal all in the new Decca album *Songs From Pete Kelly's Blues* (DL 8166, ED-758, 2269).

☐ A superb gift for young and old alike is Loretta Young's wonderful narration of *Littlest Angel* (CUS-27), accompanied by Victor Young's Orchestra and the Ken Darby Choir. You better warn Vicki that her kid sister will undoubtedly try to 'borrow' this beautiful recording.

☐ Vicki is completely non-partisan when it comes to the Battle Between the Sexes . . . she isn't at all sure which Burl Ives album she'd like the most, *Songs For And About MEN* (DL 8125, ED 2235-7) or, *WOMEN, Folk Songs About The Fair Sex* (DL 5490, ED-543). As an Ives fan, she'll take either, or both.

So, for the Merriest Christmas with Vicki (or anyone else), be sure to remember these seven superb ways to say "Happy Holiday."

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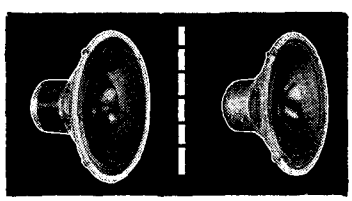

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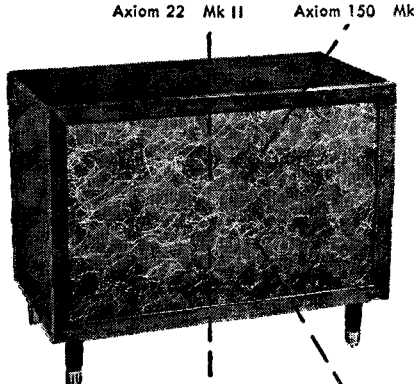

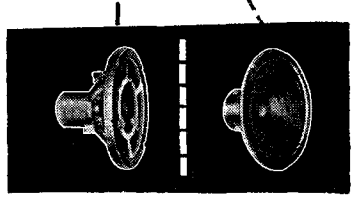

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Rachmaninoff - II

Continued from page 46

emn chords of the Third Concerto: the melodic and harmonic contours (also wonderfully illustrated in the fifteenth variation of the "Rhapsody") always remain visible beneath the passages. The architectural character of his rhythm is marvelously shown in the exposition of the finale of the Fourth Concerto. His *rubato* is dictated no less by the emotional adventure of thematic lines than by harmonic intensification and structural compression or expansion.

When Rachmaninoff returns to the "norm," to the premise from which he departs, he moves with a relentless pace. Note the *Vivace* section immediately following the solo's announcement of the First Concerto's principal theme, one of countless examples of his extraordinary ability to re-establish a basic tempo before liberty becomes license, before pulsation goes limp or dead. We can also note here that Rachmaninoff's iron rhythm is not reserved for metrical marches: it can also be maintained in filigree of gossamer texture and iridescent coloration. Add to this a rich tone that sings throughout a full dynamic range, a great variety of touches, pedaling which produces another wealth of sonorities. We behold a completely communicative art.

RACHMANINOFF'S art is unique. It cannot be imitated. It cannot be adopted. And this is equally true of all artists. So we turn to other recordings mindful that the artist's personality is the prime material of his interpretative privileges and obligations in re-creating music. Therefore, we must accept every "originality," provided it does not distort the essential character of the music as we know it from the authoritative testimony now available. Any performance which violates the fundamental facts of a score is obviously deficient. One which displays textual fidelity, but little more, comes under the heading of honest workmanship. A performance which grasps and communicates the inherent content of the music with conviction and command is in the category of mastery. But more yet is possible, as possible as it is rare: the interpretation which illuminates a composition through an individual, intensified, and freshly-revealing view of its truths. That is genius.

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example of the interpreter's deepest obligations to the music and to himself. The father-son relationship between Rachmaninoff and Horowitz made stylistic authenticity a foregone conclusion. But in addition Horowitz's heroic canvas, superlative technical command, and tonal splendor are present to an uncommon degree even for him; yet all are subservient to a searching realization of the formidable work. The phraseology of the opening, the fury of the first movement *cadenza* and the seductive grace of its *scherzando* section, the demonical guile and audacity of the third movement *scherzando,* and the radiant triumph of the rest of the finale all disclose an artist inspired to new heights in music tailor-made to his fabulous gifts. Rachmaninoff himself made his one-and-only unscheduled appearance on a platform (in Pasadena, California) to embrace Horowitz publicly, following a performance of this work.

Emil Gilels portrays the same concerto on Angel, with special emphasis on its lyricism. The recording shows Gilels to greater advantage than his personal appearances here. His tone is more salient, his phrasing more varied, and his technical equipment considerably more articulated. In shorter supply, and this was apparent throughout his concerts, are sophistication and daring. In heroic music they are especially missed. Nothing is more exciting than risk: if one wins, one triumphs completely; if not, the gamble was taken, the thrilling gesture made. Despite the absence of coruscating ingredients, this disc would be quite enough to stamp Gilels as a sensitive and serious artist, and one of the most accomplished.

Witold Malcuzynski's performance of his work on Columbia is marred by pedal, and substitutes sentimentality for direct *cantilena*, loudness for tension and power.

Artur Rubinstein's Victor recording of the "Rhapsody" is as significant and beautiful as his disc of the Second Concerto is bewildering. One cannot understand the release of a performance so distant from the lofty standards of the same artist who lavishes such poetic vision and keyboard mastery on a regal unfoldment of the Rhapsody," and on countless other masterworks of the literature.

William Kapell's Victor recordings of the same pair of works stress the tragedy of his premature death. He spared himself not at all in endowing both works with the fire and courage and brilliance of youth. Expressivity comes through too, well on its way toward that mellowness and aristocracy which are attributes of maturity

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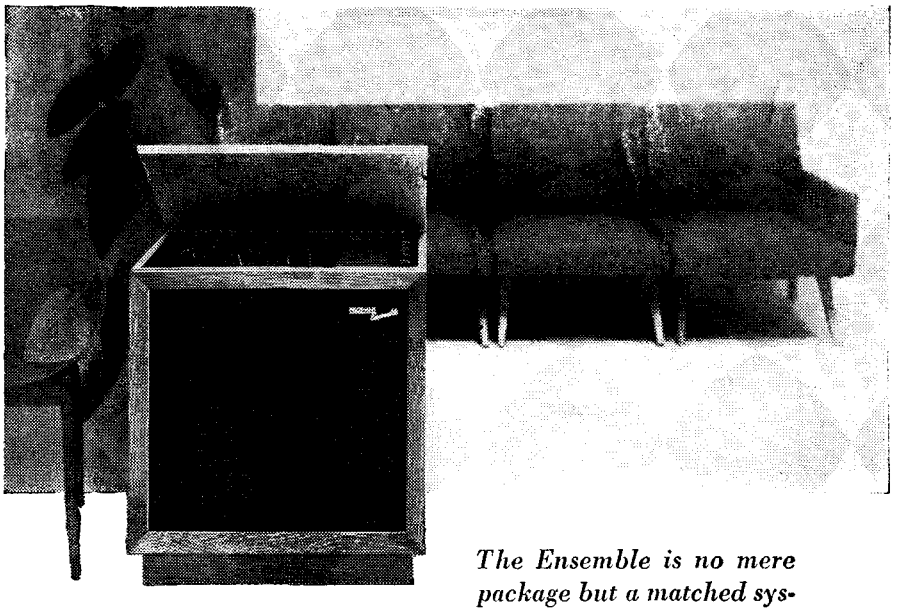

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and a large outlook on life. His integrity merited the superbly vigorous orchestral collaborations of Reiner and Steinberg in the "Rhapsody" and Second Concerto, respectively.

Moura Lympany is represented by the first three concertos on HMV and London. The British pianist brings considerable fluency and sentiment to the First Concerto especially. Her characteristic facility and ingratiating charm, however, are less persuasive in Rachmaninoff's massive frames than in music which poses fewer architectural and physical problems.

Benno Moiseiwitsch on Victor brings romantic fervor and continuity to the First Concerto, with luscious support from Sargent and the London Philharmonia. It is unfortunate that Moiseiwitsch's ardent musical expressivity is counterbalanced here by insufficient technical exactitude.

Despite a somewhat tentative opening, **Cor De Groot's** performance of the same work on Epic is expressive, clear, and smooth. What it lacks in grandeur and forward-motion is not as keenly missed here as in the larger issues of the Second Concerto, in which the frame is further reduced by an ill-balanced and faraway orchestral sound.

Shura Cherkassky plays the "Rhapsody" on Victor with such limitations in color, differentiation, and vitality that the fascinating character of rhapsodic variations is obscured.

Edith Farnadi, Leonard Pennario, Geza Anda, and **Gyorgy Sandor** have all recorded that Parthenon of concertos, Rachmaninoff's Second. On Westminster Miss Farnadi and conductor Scherchen turn in an "Alphonse and Gaston" reading which I find actually disquieting. I mean "reading" literally, for the soloist's and orchestra's struggles with every aspect of the score often suggest a deliberate parody of a sightreading session. On Capitol Pennario encompasses most of the notes but too little of the passion and perspective of large dramatic forms. Anda, on Angel, starts each movement in an auspicious tempo and otherwise promisingly, but he soon becomes bogged down by loss of rhythmic and melodic continuity. Negative climaxes in profusion contribute to a lightweight conception, musical but unmighty.

These are the recordings I listened to, time and again. They tempted a concluding generalization that the end for the performer is the starting point for the interpreter; and that the end for the interpreter is the starting point for the genius. But that way lies error too, for geniuses are also men and in music one man's Mozart is another's Prokofiev. It is a comforting fact.

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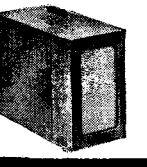

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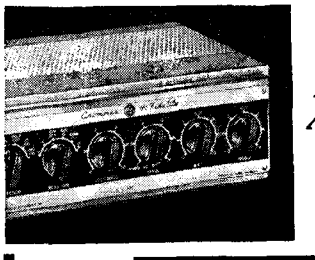

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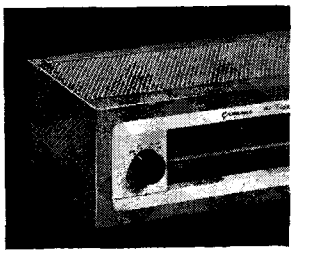

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Bloch's Seventy-Five Years

BLOCH: *Four String Quartets. Griller Quartet*; London: LLA23, $11.94.
KODÁLY: *String Quartet, No. 1, Op. 2. Roth Quartet;* Mercury: MG80004, $3.98.

SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAYS ought not to be ignored, and when a set of records honoring a composer on such an anniversary contains a recent work recorded for the first time, the event is of rather special note. Bloch's Fourth Quartet had its debut in London last year, performed by the Griller, and there has been little chance for a rehearing in this country since then. This album fills the gap. It will also do considerably more than that, in calling attention once again to the earlier quartets, the first two of which, especially, are outstanding and beautiful pieces of chamber music.

Bloch, who is a contemporary of Bartok and born only six years after Schönberg, is no stranger to the twelve-tone row (one appears in the finale of No. 3 as, surprisingly enough, the subject of a fugue); nor does he flinch from passages of polytonality, or architectural feats involving the growth of a single theme through several movements, or the focusing of an entire work upon a particular interval. At the same time it is characteristic of these quartets, especially of Nos. 1 and 2, that they reveal a warm and emotional personality. They are not "programmatic," any more than were Beethoven's last, but the composer himself says of No. 1 that it "is in some way a synthesis of my *Weltanschauung*, my vision of the world, at the time I wrote it [thirty-six] . . . It is a kind of confession of open heart, with no other concern . . ." A rare sort of personal revelation to encounter in these times, and more so since, in this work, nothing of musical value is cast aside to make way for the "confession."

By Bloch's own word, and as those who listen to these quartets will soon perceive, the works grow more objective as they progress in time. There is a gap of no fewer than twenty-nine years between No. 1 and No. 2 (1916 and 1945) and Nos. 3 and 4 followed in seven and eight years, respectively. But in spite of this time-division, No. 2 (which moved Ernest Newman to compare it to the late Beethoven) is closer in spirit to its predecessor than to those which follow it. For one thing, the Jewish ingredient which strongly flavors No. 1 in the chromatic and ornamented character of its melodic lines is still in evidence in No. 2, and practically non-existent in Nos. 3 and 4. For another, the dark color and probing introversion of the first two quartets gives way to a brighter and at times even humorous vein; the writing in the last two is much more rarely polyphonic—with the exception of the fugal finale already mentioned, which has almost Bach-like proportions.

These four works represent a breadth of musical accomplishment which is something to be reckoned with. Bloch knows how to introduce a theme which is telling upon first appearance, and how to let it grow through the remainder of the work to proportions unsuspected. He gives his strings melodies to sing out, but they are never put there simply for the sake of tunefulness. The scoring

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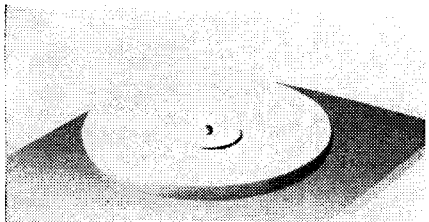

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—*Culver.*

Bloch (c. 1925)—"musical accomplishment."

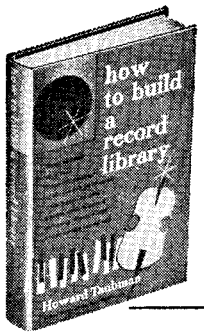
in these quartets sets forth the instrumental combination at its best advantage, and the musical forms, though not "new," are treated with a continual freshness. All this without a heavy burden of "intellectuality"—or at least without one which shows.

The Grillers do a more than adequate job, in spite of moments of bad intonation and an uncalled-for whine or two. But one could wish, especially after hearing the Musical Arts version of No. 2 (Vanguard), that the players turned to their solos with a little more pleasure. There are passages in No. 2 and No. 3 which cry for warmth and receive only a cool English restraint.

One of the differences between Bloch and Kodály is that Bloch is a quartet-writer and Kodály is not. This does not mean that Kodály's No. 1, Op. 2 isn't pleasant enough to listen to; there are some bright and dancing moments in it, and the last movement offers a set of variations on a Haydn-like bit of dance tune which is engaging if not exactly startling. There is also a Hungarian color to this quartet which betrays the fact that it was written shortly after the composer returned with Bartok from their search for original folk music through the back country of their native land. But the confinements of this medium are not for Kodály, and he sometimes forgets that he is writing for a string quartet and not for an orchestra; there are passages which are scored for sound effect and little else. The Roth Quartet gives an excellent presentation of a work which does have its charm, though it is not likely to prove a halt to conversation for any length of time. —S. Fleming.

—*Sovfoto.*

Kodály—"engaging if not startling."



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South of the Border

Continued from page 60

ng purveyors of hi-fi, is headed by ın American, John Coleman, who noved here two years ago because he ɔelieved in the future of hi-fi in this :ountry. Recently he has been ·unning a series of low-pressure "edi-orial" ads in the local English-lan-guage newspaper, the *News,* to explain ıi-fi to its affluent gringo readers. He ıas also taken to the air over radio tation XEL, and has plans to expand ıis campaign to Spanish-language nedia. Audio-Vision had the most ıovel exhibit at the fair, the gimmick ·f a Heathkit 5 inch push-pull oscil-oscope which pulled people in to *see* ound, and the only binaural system. Coleman sold the first stereophonic ystem in Mexico, a Cook.

The Thorens turntable was another lraw because of its gear-driven motor, vhich enables an exact and constant peed to be maintained regardless of ariations in current. This is an im-ıortant feature in Mexico because of he undependable nature of the elec-rical source. Sometimes a lack of rain vill cause a shortage of electricity in ome parts of the country, and fluc-uations in voltage and variations in ycles will result. Several times during he preview Thursday night the cur-ent blew, leaving the exhibit rooms ightless and soundless. The Thorens ıodel also has an exact speed adjust-nent others do not possess, by which peed can be varied within 5 per cent. McIntosh showed its 30-watt amplifier ıodel MC-30, claiming for it 99 60/100 er cent perfect amplification, the air's most startling boast.

For the American audiophile, the ıost tempting aspect of Mexican hi-fi quipment is non-aural, the *gabinete* console). Skilled furniture makers an turn out magnificent housings sing native woods like *nogal* (wal-ut) at a fraction of what they would ost in the States. Many manufac-ırers take advantage of this by send-ıg their parts here to be assembled ı sets designed abroad for Mexican ıste. *Unidades completas* (complete ssemblies) were exhibited by Audio-ision, Audio-scope, RCA Victor, oncertino, Audionic, G-E, CND, tromberg-Carlson, Fidelis, Philips, nd Admiral.

I am glad I'm not a hi-fi *aficionado* ho passes on the relative merits of ll the equipment, or a prospective uyer faced with making a choice of ystems. Then, for the first time, I ight feel that sense of hopelessness hich D. H. Lawrence said over-helms everyone who comes to lexico.

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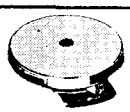

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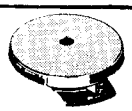

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

POOR JASCHA!

As one whose only knowledge of what is "good" is what I like I marveled at your comments on Brahms by Heifetz [*SR* Oct. 29]. After I heard the Spalding version I just wondered why Victor bothered with Heifetz at all!

Eldon E. Smith.

Sterling, Col.

Editor's Note: *They have a blind-spot, no doubt.*

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

I have long wanted to obtain recordings of national anthems of major countries in the world, but to date I have had no success in finding either one recording or more that included the music I wanted.

If you have information pertaining to such a cutting I would appreciate your sending the information to me. As a regular subscriber to *SR* I am familiar with your music department, and I look to you as a "court of last resort."

Alfred F. Ladendorff.

Corvallis, Ore.

Editor's Note: *This would be a worthy project for the United Nations.*

BOOST FOR BALLIETT

It has always been amazing to me that very sophisticated magazines approach jazz in an unsophisticated way. This is true of magazines as different as *Time* and *The New Yorker*. Your staff of jazz critics are to be commended as being not only excellent but almost unique. They appreciate jazz as an art form among other art forms. They see the historical perspective of its development. They are openminded and yet critical. I feel their reviews far surpass in every way those in the music trade-magazines specializing in jazz.

In this regard Whitney Balliett's comments on Art Tatum [*SR* Oct. 29] are typical. Tatum is correctly viewed as a technician's idol, but a pianist in an eddy of his own, far off the mainstream of jazz development. He is as close to "An American in Paris" as he is to "Arnithology," as close to hotel piano as he is to the Earl Hines—Al Haig mainstream.

Dr. W. A. Pryor.

Richmond, Calif.

SCHIOTZ REQUEST

Permit me to suggest issue on LP of a of the wonderful HMV 78s by Akel Schiøtz—the incomparable "Messiah" recordings, the "Don Giovanni" arias, the Dowland songs, the Buxtehude cantata recorded with Elsa Sigfuss and Holger Norgaard. Surely there is wealth enough in Mr. Schiøtz's recordings for several LPs. And last, but by no means least, a selection from the song literature by

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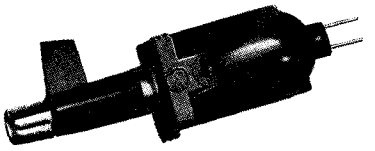

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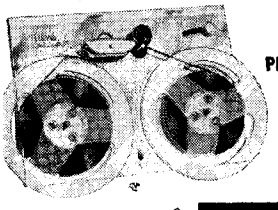

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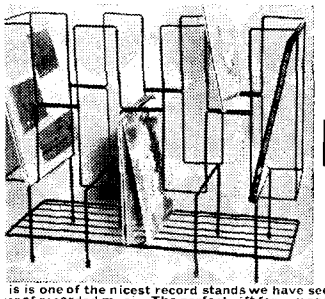

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Danish composers—particularly Carl Nielsen. These performances, as well as many others that come readily to mind, are indeed "immortal."

MATT HEDLEY.

Edmonton, Canada.

SUGGESTION TO RCA

THREE CHEERS for RCA Victor on their recordings of "Aida" with Milanov, Bjoerling, and Warren. RCA can truly claim the "world's greatest artists." But why no "La Bohème" and "La Traviata" in New Orthophonic Sound? Could not Victor be persuaded to rerecord these masterpieces perhaps again with Albanese and Peerce?

WALTER DAINWOOD.

Waterville, Me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *RCA Victor is currently engaged in "enhancing" its Toscanini "Boheme" and "Traviata."*

ELECTROSTATIC SPEAKER

In *SR* June 25 R. S. Lanier wrote an article *re* the electrostatic speaker. Is it on the market yet? I have been waiting to buy my hi-fi equipment in order to get one of these speakers, but I can't hold out much longer. Any news?

MRS. LEONARD SCHIFF.

North Merrick, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See report on Seventh New York Audio Fair* [SR *Oct. 29*].

SHARING THE WEALTH

THE ANONYMOUS DOCTOR quoted in "Rx for Good Music" [*SR* Aug. 27] has, I think, overlooked the feminine reaction when he says "I at last learned that if a man has music he need never be lonely." Not true, I'm convinced, of many women, myself included. Whenever I hear good music I have an overwhelming urge to share it with someone. This may account for the fact that recorded music, hi-fi included, can only supplement and not replace live concerts.

MRS. EDWARD DEWEY.

Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the "War of the Sexes" even music has its part.*

SCHUMANN-HEINK?

WOULD IT BE asking too much of RCA Victor to do a little something with some of the old recordings of Madam Schumann-Heink? Lots of worked over Caruso discs have been put on LP and have been quite successful. Why not the Madam?

CHILTON ANDERSON.

Taos, N. M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Caruso literature was vastly greater, hence with more latitude for choice.*

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Alfred Deller, John Whitworth, countertenors; Margaret Ritchie, soprano; Bruce Boyce, baritone; St. Anthony Singers and L'Ensemble Orchestral de L'Oiseau-Lyre conducted by Anthony Lewis.
L'Oiseau-Lyre—10"—DL-53004—$2.98

"There could be no better introduction to Purcell's music . . . than this grand work." —THE GRAMOPHONE

In the 17th Century, male voices (countertenors) often sang the high register parts nowadays assigned to women. This unique record features this delicate art which until recently has been unjustly neglected.

Falla: NIGHTS IN THE GARDENS OF SPAIN (with Gonzalo Soriano, piano)
Rodrigo: CONCERTO FOR GUITAR AND ORCHESTRA ("CONCIERTO DE ARANJUEZ")
(with Narcisco Yepes, guitar).
Madrid Chamber Orchestra (augmented), conducted by Ataulfo Argenta.
London International—12"—TW 91019—$4.98

". . . the performance . . . evokes a magic of its own unlike any performance I have ever heard. To describe the infinite rhythmic subtleties that Argenta achieves . . . cannot equal or approximate one's listening experience."—AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE

Repertoire for guitar and orchestra is very scarce indeed. In this unusual recording the guitar appropriately takes its place as the solo instrument in an evocative Iberian flavored concerto.

Weill: THE THREE PENNY OPERA (DREIGROSCHENOPER)
Original cast production of 1929 Featuring Lotte Lenya, Erika Helmke, Kurt Gerron, Erich Ponto, Willy Trenck-Trebitsch and Lewis-Ruth band conducted by Theo Mackeben.
Telefunken—10"—LGM 65028—$2.98

". . . there is a certain completeness of integrity, as well as a certain documentary fascination . . . the great gem of the record is, as always, Lotte Lenya's singing of Jenny's bloody dream-song . . . this is one of the great things on records." — HIGH FIDELITY

There is no doubt that this opera is truly the masterpiece of the late Kurt Weill. With the added interest created by recent performances in English in this country, the original German production of 1929 has once again come to the fore as *the* insuperable version.

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WOLF AND SCHUBERT

BY ALL MEANS let us have Gerhard Hüsch's great *Lieder* performances on LP! Including "Die Schöne Mullerin" and the "Kilpinen" songs, too. And when will the Hugo Wolf Society, Vol. I, the superb Ellena Gerhardt performances, be reissued?

ANOTHER REGULAR READER.

Brandon, Vt.

IN FAVOR OF HÜSCH

I TOO WOULD like to see RCA Victor reissue Gerhard Hüsch's Beethoven and Schubert *Lieder* on LP. And may I ask what has become of that fine pianist Leonard Shure whose name seems to have disappeared from the catalogues and whose performance of Beethoven's "Diabelli Variations" is unsurpassed up to now.

MRS. W. A. PFEFFER.

Berkeley, Calif.

VOCAL FAVORITES

LAST YEAR there was some mention made of Columbia's releasing on LP some records made during 1910-1914 by Mary Garden. What happened to this project? Does RCA Victor have any intentions of releasing the discs she made for them? Aside from the Camden pressing of the final scene from "Salome" and the songs of Strauss, etc., are any Marjorie Lawrence recordings readily available today? If not, is there any hope that there will be in the future?

BILL WHITING.

Wooster, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The available repertory o Lawrence is pretty much re-instated Garden is still "pending."*

DOUBLE OISTRAKHISM AGAIN

I AM A BIT confused. It appears that mos violinists nowadays have the name o Oistrakh! Would you be so kind as t enlighten this reader as to whether o not one David Oistrakh and one Igo Oistrakh are different individuals. If s which one has been causing all the com motion in the musical world?

Most of your readers probably hav long been aware of the difference a'twix Messrs. Oistrakh and Oistrakh, but haven't—so please excuse my ignorance However, in defense of my ignorance le me say that I've been so obsessed wit such fiddle-players as Heifetz, Milstein Stern, Francescatti, Jack Benny, and th like that I've overlooked completely thei Soviet brethren.

ROLAND J. BARRICKLOW.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here it is again: th Oistrakhs are David, father, and Igo son. As for commotion: it depends whic is playing where.*

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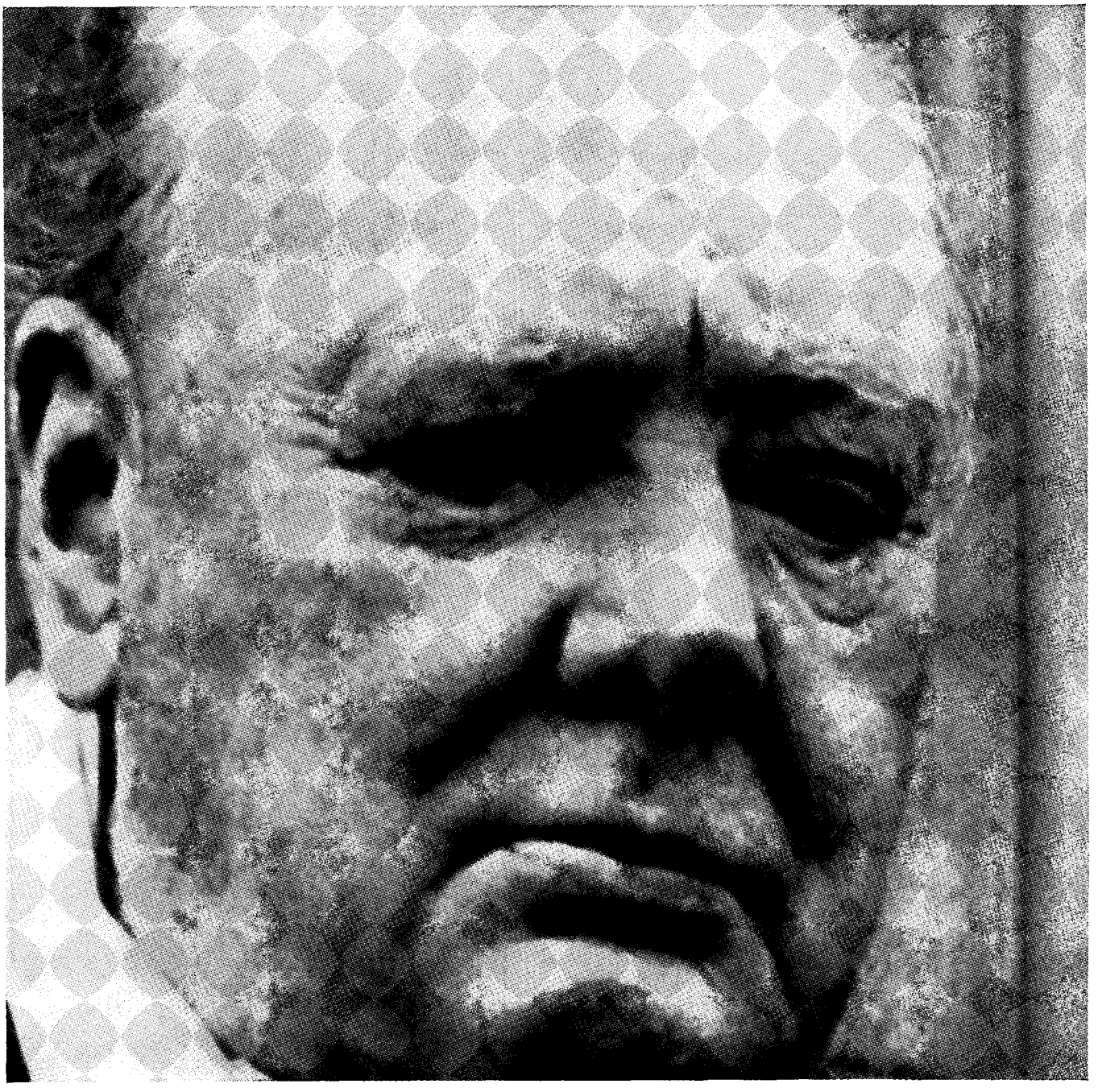

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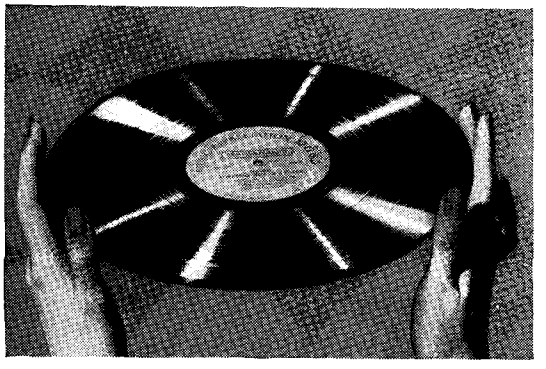

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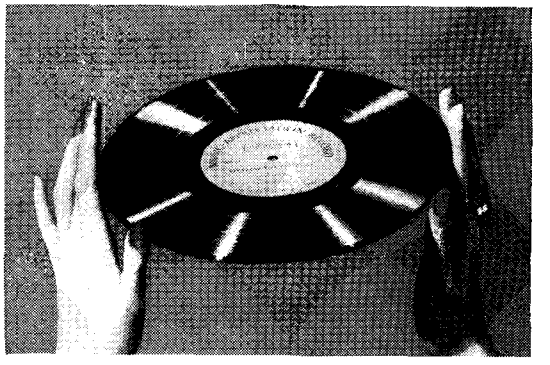

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